

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 7, No. 2

The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors.
Office—No. 2 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 2, 1893.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 314

Around Town.

I have heard considerable unfavorable comment on the refusal of the leader of the local Opposition to take any part in by-elections, and many of his lukewarm friends are saying that he does not seem to care to win inasmuch as he has failed to enunciate a policy and provide them with the ammunition necessary to carry on a campaign. For my own part I think he is acting wisely in refraining from mixing in the fights which are going on, inasmuch as he will be free from entanglement till the next session of the Legislature, which will be the last before general election. If Mr. Meredith were to go up into Bruce or Lambton, what he said would be misquoted and the Government perhaps would try to make it appear that he was fighting the Patrons of Industry in one constituency and becoming an ally of the P.P.A. in the other. There were many who thought he did not go far enough in the Separate School matter in the last campaign, and others thought he went too far, while there is still another portion of his party who are tendering him gratuitous advice as to the desirability of abandoning any further contention in the matter. For this and other reasons it seems to me discreet that Mr. Meredith should formulate his policy during next session, and as he will have heard what the Patrons of Industry have to say he will be in a much better position to meet their demands than if he had in a by-election been forced to become their critic while upholding his own candidate. After his many years of service as leader of the Opposition his party cannot doubt his loyalty, and no one has been suggested whose judgment can be more safely relied upon. It must be a thankless task to be the leader of a party almost hopelessly handicapped by its forced subservience in the past to the issues in Federal politics. Without doubt the time has now arrived for the Opposition in Ontario to thoroughly emancipate itself from Dominion issues and make its own fight with an aggressive policy. In the past the Liberal party having been so contentious over provincial rights that Conservatives were forced to oppose them in order to maintain the integrity of the Dominion; such matters having been largely settled; Federation having been cemented by stronger ties of mutual interest, by greater facilities in transportation and the interchange of goods, and the whole fabric having become stronger by reason of its age, it no longer devolves upon the Conservative party to spend their whole time or a disproportionate share of their energy in preventing the disintegration of "smashing Federation into its original atoms." Until the Legislature meets, however, the friends of the provincial Opposition should be content to await the announcement of the party policy and to prevent, as far as possible, those complications which may defeat the plan of campaign which Mr. Meredith is doubtless preparing.

A few weeks ago I remarked that His Excellency the Governor-General seemed to imagine that he could achieve popularity in Canada more easily by an overgrown retinue than by continuing to use his personal influence in that unaffected and kindly way which made him such a welcomed guest when here in an unofficial capacity. His reported refusal to attend the Board of Trade banquet on the ground of a "previous engagement" appeared to be such an unbecoming and undiplomatic snub that we are all glad to hear it partially explained, though even yet it is not quite clear how, as the date of the banquet had not been fixed and the managers were anxious to fix it to suit his lordship, the "previous engagement" excuse could be anything but a rather impolite and impolitic evasion. It was not as if they were asking him to preside over a dance or to patronize a tea fight; the invitation came from the largest and most important organization of business men in any city of the Dominion. The leading men in the whole country are willing to be guests; the speeches are read from ocean to ocean; previous governors, the leading railroad magnates and men with the largest commercial interests have hitherto found time to attend similar events. Lord Aberdeen's time is doubtless taxed considerably by societies desiring his presence, but I think he will make a mistake if he is not present on an occasion when he can learn perhaps more of the commercial needs of the country in an evening than he would pick up in the ordinary round of his official life in months.

It was not a very statesmanlike proposition made by the president of the Young Liberal Conservatives that in Ontario affairs the office of the Minister of Agriculture be abolished. Sir Oliver Mowat speaking at Port Elgin took the young man to task and made him look very absurd indeed. Inasmuch as the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa is a lawyer and the one holding a similar position in Ontario is a farmer, the comparison is all against the Conservative Government, and as Ontario is the largest, richest and best tilled province in the Dominion and agriculture is the chief business of the people, and as dairying, meat producing and stock-breeding are becoming our most conspicuous industries, why should there not be a Cabinet Minister to look after that which is the most important of all our affairs? There may have been much mismanagement on our experimental farms; the itinerant dairy may not be the best; some of the grants of money may have been inadvisable, yet the fact remains that much good has been done and much more can be done by a proper supervision and encouragement of our agricultural interests. For any member of a party whose utterances

are apt to travel further than a city lodge-room to urge the discontinuance of a Minister of Agriculture, is enough to stamp such a speaker as deficient in both knowledge and tact. It is such hasty and ill-considered utterances as the one Sir Oliver answered with such effect that make it necessary for hundreds of political speakers to explain a score of times each that the Opposition in power would do no such thing. Particularly foolish was such a statement at the present period, when the Patrons of Industry, claiming that the farmers have too little influence, too little attention paid to them, are organizing themselves and are likely to prove a very influential factor in the election which cannot be very many months off.

We have all been accustomed to look on the United States as a national exemplification of everything that is selfish. The McKinley tariff was an offence to every other nation on earth.

much before we are out of the woods. Certainly we should manifest a spirit of fairness and indicate that we are willing to reciprocate. If our coal is to go in there free, their coal should come in here free; if they reduce the tariff on something we produce, we should reduce the tariff on some equally important article that they produce, and our manufacturers cannot do themselves a more deadly injury than by expressing their pleasure at the reduction that the people of the United States are making while still insisting that high duty shall be kept by Canada on their particular line of manufactures. Canada cannot profit by usurping the position so long occupied by the United States as the greatest national hog on earth.

Of one thing the people of the United States may rest assured, the clamor which in their country is likely to result in so great a reduction of their tariff will shortly be heard in Can-

go; it will be dangerous and disastrous. Less we cannot do, or those measures of international trade which seem now within our grasp will probably be removed by the next United States administration.

It seems the vast amount of water that the taxpayers of Toronto spend their money for pumping is not being distributed on anything like an equitable plan. The water takers who have meters only pay about twelve and a half cents per thousand gallons, while the small consumers pay from twenty to thirty cents for the same amount of water. It is argued that meters would cost a very great deal of money, some six hundred thousand dollars for twenty-five thousand meters. But any question of this sort cannot be relegated to the background on the plea that we are not in a position to spend that amount of money. If a meter costs twenty-four dollars—and that would seem to be the price, though it is not set

have gotten and the receiver is as bad as the thief, the Government or the members of the Government who assisted them to get it and who benefited by the expenditure of it, should also be in jail. The good sense of the right-thinking people of Canada must approve of the punishment of the bootlickers, but it takes a very fine discrimination to discover why the agents should be punished and the principals go free. I think it is the sense of justice and the belief in gratitude that even dishonest people should show their pals that causes so much sympathy to be expressed for McGreevy and Connolly. The people hear of these men being in jail while those who profited by the conspiracy are in office; naturally enough they feel that either McGreevy and Connolly should not be in jail or the other fellows should be with them. There is no astounding display of rectitude in a government punishing their accomplices in wrong-doing; indeed, I imagine that the ordinary observer of public events is more resentful towards the Government for permitting their accomplices to be punished than he would have been had the Ministers shielded them and got them off without punishment. I am afraid that our sense of right and wrong has been pretty badly dulled, yet there is a sort of a desire for fair play and gratitude common to even the most barbarous of mankind. The man who sins against this unwritten code of morals, the man who "peaches on his pal" or turns Queen's evidence in order to get out of a thing himself, is always hated as an informer, even though justice and good government are assisted by such conduct. To use a slang phrase, the sentiment of pity for McGreevy and Connolly is largely made up of a notion that they got the worst of it, and that they were given their bitter medicine by those who got the best of it and the best of them.

The election of Mr. Martin in Winnipeg, as I remarked last week, is a very significant event and if we examine the causes leading up to it, together with the results which are likely to follow, it will be seen that the Liberal party has won a noticeable victory. At the last general election Hugh John Macdonald, who is undoubtedly the most popular man in Winnipeg, defeated Isaac Campbell, who is personally the most popular Liberal in Manitoba. Last week Mr. Martin, who is an excessively aggressive and consequently not personally a very popular man, defeated Mr. Colin Campbell, against whom nothing of a personal nature could be said, by four hundred and twenty-five votes. Mr. Martin had a number of bitter disagreements with his colleagues in the Greenway Government, who could not be expected to favor his candidature, had the solid Roman Catholic and French-Canadian vote against him, and yet he signally defeated his opponent and showed how utterly weak the Ottawa Government is in the North-West.

In this connection I will make a brief quotation from an article which I wrote soon after returning from the North-West this fall.

The defeat of Mr. Macdonald, the leader of the Manitoba Opposition in Brandon, is more significant than it may appear to those not conversant with local issues. It simply means that the Dominion Government is trying with the Conservatives of Manitoba and permitting them to get the worst of it on local affairs, as those who sympathize with the Opposition in Ontario are so invariably given the worst of it here. The Government is foolish in this, for I have heard many Manitoba Conservatives say that their representatives are too numerous at Ottawa, while their local legislators are too numerous in favor of the Greenway Government at home. I may be counted as disloyal or reported as ignorant, yet I have been in every province in the Dominion this year excepting Prince Edward Island, and I am not at all afraid to say that Sir John Thompson is reputed as only nominally Premier and his colleagues are doing his work in a very desultory way. The party everywhere is feeling the absence of a real leader; in fact, to put it briefly, the party threatens to go to pieces because no large politician and competent chief has formulated a policy on the acceptance of which he decides as to the fealty of his followers. Indeed, what must we think of a government that is afraid to appoint lieutenant-governors while three vacancies are in existence, one of them for at least a year and two for many months? Even senatorial appointments are left open. The whole party feels that men can now receive nothing unless they are elected. The Government is being ruled by fear rather than love; that is to say, only men that threaten can receive promotion; the stalwarts can sit out in the rain. The sacrifice of old "pals" like McGreevy and Connolly proves this.

The Government also has been playing fast and loose with the Lieutenant-Governorship, though Winnipeg and the major portion of Manitoba showed unequivocally a decided preference for Mr. Scarth. Yet Mr. A. W. Ross was kept expecting the position, and the old-time Conservatives of the province were led to believe that their influence was no longer valued at Ottawa. On the school question both Mr. Martin and Mr. Campbell expressed themselves as of the same view, yet ultra-Protestantism would of course favor Mr. Martin, inasmuch as he was the author of the Manitoba School Bill. On tariff reform both candidates expressed the same opinion, but evidently the capital of Manitoba has ceased to believe in the promises of the Dominion Government and the influence of Conservative supporters sent to Ottawa from the West. The discontent in the Conservative party in Winnipeg is but a symptom of the general distrust felt throughout the province. Manitoba and the whole North-West are out of sympathy with the present Ministry and have but little regard for the personnel of the Government. I am told that Messrs. Foster and Angers might better have stayed at home instead of making their trip through the Prairie Provinces. Conservative and Liberal alike insist in this new country on radical tariff reform; they do not believe they will get it from the present administration.

Continued on Page Thirteen.



THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER.

insomuch as it was conceived to be a declaration that the United States was able to live alone and was willing to be taxed in order to prevent any other country participating in the good things that the Creator showered so lavishly upon the people of the republic. The proposed revision of the tariff as set forth in the report made by the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee of Congress, has astounded not only the Yankees themselves but all their neighbors. Whether it will become law or not is a question which Canadians certainly hope will be answered in the affirmative. Some of our enterprising newspapers have sent their reporters out to obtain the opinions of leading business men. These interviews as published reveal what is, but should not be, an astounding amount of meanness and selfishness, because we all know how mean and selfish the world is—and we all are, for that matter, when our interests are concerned. Manufacturers who are likely to obtain a great advantage by the change in the United States tariff publicly shake hands with themselves and are glad, and in the next breath deprecate any change in our own tariff such as is invited by the reduction that Congress is likely to make. It is a pity that the Canadian papers have been so jubilant. I will have anything but a good effect when our neighbors across the line read what is sure to be copied in their journals. We should not jubilate so

ada. The highly protective system in this country is doomed. I should feel very sorry to see any such reduction in the tariff as will damage our manufacturers or disturb or impede in any way the products of our industrial centers. As Torontonians we have as much at stake as any other community on the continent, yet we must realize the fact that tariff reform can do us little good except that it may assist in restoring public confidence. Canadian farmers and country merchants and all those who are not directly interested in manufactures will feel that better days are in store, and their hopefulness will assist to bring Toronto to a realizing sense of the greatness of her natural position. Yet it will have evils in its train and we should not be too much elated. If things drift as they are drifting, Sir John Thompson and his Government may as well pack their valises, yet I for one shall be sorry to see them go out to be replaced by men of whose doings we have had no foretaste. They will be novices in the art of government and Canada cannot stand any rash experiments. It seems to me that we should be reciprocal, nothing more. This much we must be, or our selfishness will arouse the ire and resentment of the republic. More than this we do not need to be. Thus we will get a natural reciprocity without any particular treaty; we will be reciprocal because it is fair and because it will be profitable. Further than this we should not

forth—every taxpayer should at least have the privilege of buying or renting a meter. Perhaps he has the privilege, but he should know it, and the interest on the meter should be deducted from what he pays. It would not be practicable to provide every water taker in Toronto with a meter at the public expense, but he should be able to provide himself and be allowed the interest on the investment or pay a fair rental, and have the privilege of moving it when he changes his place of residence. More than this, the taxation should be equalized. Our water rates do not appear to be excessively high and manufacturing enterprises should not be charged so much for the water as to drive them out of the city, yet the disproportion between the large taker of water and the ordinary householder is altogether too great. We all pay equally, it is supposed, for the pumping of the water; there is no reason why we should be charged at different rates for the using of it. But the sadly solemn thought comes in right here, that we do not pump any such amount of water as is claimed. Perhaps in this, as in many other civic matters, if the truth were known things would look altogether different.

The case of McGreevy and Connolly imprisoned for a year for bootlicking the Government and bootlicking for the Government, is an interesting paradox. If the prisoners got money which they should not

THE HINDA MYSTERY.

By Clark Russell in the Pall Mall Gazette.

It will be thirty years ago since it happened. I time the yarn by recollection of the mariner of that age—a bronzed, plump, whiskered, smiling man, clothed in a short round jacket, with a corner of red silk handkerchief hanging at his pocket; his blue trousers flowed like the swell of the sea to his pumps; he also wore a check shirt, with a tarpsaulin hat on nine hairs, from the brim of which, over his left eye, gracefully dangled half a fathom of ribbon. His costume dates my tale; now to proceed.

I paced the deck watching the moon rise. It was the Indian Ocean; hot as the atmosphere was, the long white gleam, sparkling under the moon as she soared into silver, was like the flash of bubbles under ice, and the faint breath of the damp night wind seemed to come along out of the East, cool and sweet from that streak of pure light.

I was chief mate of the Canterbury, a barque of five hundred tons; Henry Carter was her commander. We were from Calcutta for the Thames; but how long out at this date I forget. I had the watch from eight to twelve—it is called at sea the first watch; it was then about half-past nine o'clock. The captain was in the cabin playing chess with a lady, a Mrs. Godbold, the wife of an old friend of our skipper's. Her husband's ship had been hired to convey troops to China. His wife had neither the health nor the spirit to accompany him on a traverse that might run into months of ocean, and soul subduing spells of detention in ports; so Captain Godbold put her under the care of Captain Carter, and we were carrying her home. Good soul! she needed but little care. Her face was her constable. She required no stouter protector; yet the spirit of goodness beamed in her wall eye; and much more of the sweetness of the true woman lurked in her wide smile and yawning laugh than I have seen in lips trimmed to the likeness of rose-buds.

They sat together at table playing chess, right under the open skylight in the breeze from the heel of a windsail whose pillar-like form rose snaking and writhing out of the sheen to the dim gaze of its jaws up in the dusk. Angels, how hot it was! All the heat of the day seemed to rise out of the solid plank underfoot and flat to the nostril in an atmosphere of shipboard smells, blistered paint, and pitch 'twixt the seams like butter, with a relish of deeper matters as far down as the dunnage.

The faint air of the night wrinkled us onwards. We had steege way; but the whole machinery of the helm seemed asleep, with the motionless figure of a man, his arm lazily overhanging a spoke, lifting against a dim star or two past the taffrail; in fact, a sheet calm was coming on; the soundless heave of the long black swell scarce did more than flap a shower of dew from time to time out of the pale hanging spaces. Yet there was refreshment in the noise of waters trembling along the bends; and in very loathing of the heat I stepped to the rail and overhung it, to get some coldness for the eye out of the shadow, touched here and there with roiling glows and sunken puffs of the green sea-fire.

It was like blinding the sight and seeing strange lights. As the moon brightened a reflected lustre sifted from the squares of canvas into the dusk, and the figure of the barque stole out with veins of silver in her heat-softened rigging; every point of yard arm finding a pendent jewel in a star, so still and upright did we float. Suddenly my eye was taken by an object ahead on the port bow. It was close to, slowly coming along. It seemed to shine upon the liquid gloom; and I thought it was made by a star till I glanced aloft and saw nothing in the sky over it brilliant enough for that mirroring. I watched it as it drew nigh; it floated alongside, not a boat-hook's length off. The moonlight lay fair upon it; but it was not until the object was immediately under the part of the rail I overhung that I perceived it was the body of a woman lying on her back, resting as quietly as though she slept, and veering noiseless as oil into the blackness under our counter and stern.

I sprang to the skylight and shouted, "The body of a woman has just gone past, sir. She may be alive. She doesn't look to have been long overboard."

In an instant Captain Carter was on deck. He ran to the quarter and stared over, and, seeing the body, called to the man at the wheel to put his helm down. The ship came sluggishly round. Captain Carter told me to get a boat lowered and pick the body up smartly. He spoke as though the sight of the thing floating plain in the moonshine, and now slipping away off the starboard quarter, had convinced him it lived. The watch tumbled aft promptly to my call, and in a few minutes—for on such a night as that there was nothing to hinder agility, so still was the weather, with the water sheeting into a smoky dusk westward, whilst eastward the wake of the moon came in a tremble of greenish silver to the very shadow of the ship—the boat was lowered, three hands in her, myself in the stern sheets shipping the rudder as we were water-borne.

Half a dozen strokes of the oar carried us to the body; I and another lifted it streaming into the boat, then, scarcely heeding our soaked white burden, we made for the ship again and were presently aboard.

The woman was dressed in white—muslin, I think, was the stuff. She wore a sash, but the color was not to be guessed by moonlight. She was without a hat; her hair had washed loose; but streaky as it was with the wet, and dark with the saturation of brine, it showed a wonderful abundance and of a yellow gold. Mrs. Godbold stood at hand ready to help. I and a seaman carried the woman below; we were followed by the captain and Mrs. Godbold. There was a clear light of oil flame down here, and whilst we bore the body to a spare berth I looked at its face. I saw neither discoloration nor distortion; the eyelids were nearly shut, but I witnessed no glazing of death in the glance of the porcelain-like slips of white betwixt the long eye-lashes.

The steward had thrown a mattress into the bunk, and we laid the body upon it. I then

returned on deck to stomp out the rest of my watch, taking the skipper's instructions as I passed out to get the ship to her course again if there was any wind left. There was no wind. I felt for even the faintest trickle of draught, with a moistened forefinger lifted, to no purpose. So I let the old barkey lie as she was, and went from rail to rail with a night-glass, searching the western dusk and the eastern splendor, and the vague line of horizon between for a sail, but saw nothing. Whilst I was at this the captain came on deck.

"Do you make out anything like a ship?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Neither did I; yet the woman has not been long in the water. She has fallen overboard out of a passenger ship—that's sure by the looks of her. Where's her ship, then?"

He took the glass and carefully swept the ocean.

"There was nothing in sight at sundown?" said he.

I had been below at that hour, and could not tell.

"Strange," said he, "that her clothes didn't suck her under. She has very little on, though. Mrs. Godbold says what she has is of the best. Everything is marked 'E. C.'"

"It's not often," said I, "you hear of a body found floating at sea and nothing in sight."

"Why, yes," he answered. "They're mostly dead, however—dead, I mean, when launched. Yet I've heard tell of people found afloat, picked up insensible, after having been in, or rather on top of, the water for hours. Women will float when men will sink. It's not a matter of clothes—it's obstinacy, helped by shape."

He returned to the cabin. The decks were ivory-white with moonlight; forward a couple of figures softly paced the planks, and their shadows stretched from their feet like streams of ink. Whilst I paced I speculated on the cause of the woman being in the water; I diverted myself by making up a story about it: first I allowed, with Captain Carter, that she had been a lady on board a passenger ship—her attire warranted her quality; then I invented that she was a sleep-walker. She had lain down tropically clothed in her cabin, and in slumber had risen, passed through the large cabin window into the mizen channels; her clutch missed, her foot slipped—but the height was trifling; she made no splash and was swiftly floating astern out of eyesight and earshot. Perhaps then she awoke, and realizing her state, awaked, and so died, still floating on her back as though rafted. Anyway it was certain she had not long been in the water; therefore the ship she belonged to could not be far distant ahead of us. I made a calculation, basing the figures on the breezes and speed that afternoon, and worked it out that the woman's ship might very well be clean out of sight from our decks, though the woman herself had not been floating above three hours.

Whilst I occupied myself with these thoughts, six bells (eleven o'clock) were struck; the hush now upon the deep was as the stillness of a cathedral crypt at midnight. The mellow chimes trembled in echoes off the marble-like canvas, and thinned into the visionary distances in a mocking music of chimes that might have courted a thoughtless eye into searching the dusk for the loom of land. Looking aft, I spied a red star near the wheel, and scented the presence of the skipper. He came leisurely forward and exclaimed:

"Well, Mr. Berry, you've saved a life, but you've damned a soul, I reckon."

"How's that, sir?" said I. I should tell you betwixt this captain and me there was little or no quarter-deck tension, nothing of the professional posture that keeps the eye askant and the mouth shut, and forces a colder and sterner isolation upon skipper and mate than is felt by the hermit in his bitterest mood of revolt and regret.

"The woman's alive,"

"Ha!"

"Mrs. Godbold's of opinion there's been foul play."

"Where does the soul I'm concerned for come in, sir?"

"Why," said he, with a short laugh, dropping his words betwixt puffs of his cigar, "if there's been a crime in this job yours will be the hand that must dangle the doer."

"If she lives there's no hanging matter in it," said I.

"She may out with her yarn, then expire," said he.

"She's said nothing as yet, I suppose sir?"

"No more than had we fished up a figure-head. But she's alive; and even at that, though she should presently die, it's a wonderful rescue."

When the second mate relieved me at eight bells, on going to my cabin I met Mrs. Godbold. She was coming from the pantry with some wine. She told me that the lady was sensible and had spoken some sentences.

"What did she say?" said I.

"Just whispered a few syllables of thanks," she answered, bringing her wall eye to bear upon me whilst she fastened the other upon the glass of wine she held up to the lamp.

"She's in no condition to be questioned. I ache all over with rubbing her. She's quite a lily of a woman. Had she risen alongside and come aboard, Mr. Berry, with a length of silver fish's tail where her pretty feet are, you might talk to me of sea-goddesses with a grave face."

She nodded, and we parted company. I to turn in and snore through four roasting dreamless hours of my watch below.

When I turned out in the morning I found a fine sailing wind blowing; the barque, all aslant from the wet and flashing gold of her sheathing to the cloud-like breast of royal that crowned the central spire of her three shining heights, was washing through it in thunder, crushing the white foam out ahead of her to half her own length with every cursive; then, as it were, leaping the rich dazzle of yeast aboard into the blue rolling brine beyond till it roared from her bows again. The captain was on deck. He told me to keep a bright lookout for any sail ahead.

"If the lady's out of one of the tea wagons," said he, with a proud look aloft and around,

"we should be able to put her aboard her own ship pretty smartly at this. We're in her wake—that must be; the body, you see—it's no longer a body, but a handsome girl, by the way—should prove the course steered by the two ships the same."

"How is she this morning, sir?"

"Why, pretty middling—almost well, I should think. Keep a lookout for anything ahead."

At breakfast that morning, the captain having left the table, I talked with Mrs. Godbold about the lady we had picked up.

"She is very reserved," said she, "and I believe we are not going to get any information out of her."

"What's her name?" I asked.

"She calls herself Evelyn Cole. She wears a wedding ring. She's sweetly pretty indeed, and I wish she would tell me how it happened. It comes to me she's been the victim of violence. It entered my head last night, and I told Captain Carter so. I don't know why I should think it, I'm sure."

"What do you say to suicide?" said I.

She crooked her eyebrows and humped her shoulders, slowly wagging her head.

"Sleep walking, then?" I said.

The kind soul eyed me thoughtfully, and again shook her head.

"Well, then, Mrs. Godbold," said I, laughing softly and speaking quietly, for the woman's cabin was almost abreast of my seat, "won't the easiest solution prove the true one? It's commonly so in most conundrums. Let's have it, ma'am, that she fell overboard just as you or I might."

"She has no pockets," said Mrs. Godbold, with a smile that was like saying *I hear you*; "there's nothing on her but the wedding ring, a rather poor diamond ring, and a keeper, and they'll tell nothing if she keeps her mouth shut."

"Won't she give the name of her ship?"

"Not she!"

"How long was she overboard?"

"Well, now, I asked that question, too. I watched her strain her face with the struggle to remember. It was genuine. She would answer that if she could. Her reply was, 'It was growing dark, I think, when I—when I—' and then she stopped and turned horribly white, and her eyes swam, and I caught a shocking look of grief just as she rounded her face over to the ship's wall."

"Well," said I, "she'll have to take you into her confidence, I don't doubt, long before we are up with the Cape. Only think of two women locked up in a ship, one with a secret which 'other knows is a secret. How long need one scratch before the mole blinks?"

As I might justly consider I had saved the lady's life, I was naturally curious to see her. I was forced to wait, however. But on the afternoon of the fourth day following her rescue, on leaving the deck to go to my berth I saw her sitting in the cabin with Mrs. Godbold. Of course I knew she must be the person we had picked up, yet I certainly should not have recognized her from mere memory of the deathly face of the body I had helped carry to a berth.

When I showed myself at the foot of the companion steps, Mrs. Godbold said something to her companion, and there rose from the cushioned locker as charming a young woman as ever my seafaring eyes had rested on. Her hair was quite glorious; a magnificent heap of golden coils, with a fluffing of it over her white brows, so that the skin there took a peculiar beauty of color, as though you saw it through a delicate woven golden veil. Her hair was indeed a grace, and the first thing I always mention when I talk of her. Otherwise she was pretty, scarcely beautiful, though Mrs. Godbold thought her so. She had soft, blue eyes, well fringed; her white teeth glanced like light itself when she parted her lips; the hues of her skin promised richness, a summer glow, something to carry the fancy to orchards and milkmaids, when all should be well with her health and heart; but there was that in the chiselling of her nose, and in the over defined projection of her mouth, which somehow called a halt to the first enthusiastic march of admiration, making delight pause, as though there was no soul, no spring of passion in what you looked at. Her figure was uncommonly good: I spied that quickly, despite the dressing-gown Mrs. Godbold had lent her, girdled into a very pretty waist by a colored rope of silk.

She stretched out her hands, and, with a slight North-country accent, thanked me for her life.

"Where should I be now," said she, with a shuddering lift of her shoulders, "if you had not seen me lying, like the reflection of a star, upon the water?"

"That's how I described it," said I, letting my eyes fall from the full blue melting lights of hers, so embarrassingly fixed and impassioned was the beauty's star to a poor devil of a sailor, whose experience of the sex set him miles to leeward when it came to talking to ladies.

She resumed her seat beside Mrs. Godbold. I observed a sudden hardening of her face, as though, having slackened away a trifle in order to thank me, she had howe taut and short afresh—got behind the window of her countenance, in a word, and pulled the blind down.

"If this breeze lasts," said I, drawing out some pluck for myself from her composed and settled air, "we stand to overhaul your ship, unless she should have nimbler lines than ours, which is not likely."

She slightly started, and flashed a glance at me, settling her blue eyes once again upon my face; but said nothing.

"What sort of a ship is she?" said I.

She looked a little piteously, and exclaimed, "I would rather not answer any questions—not even yours, though I owe you my life."

"Why," said I, "don't suppose that if you are questioned it's from any motive of vulgar curiosity. If your ship's ahead and we overhaul her, the captain will put you on board."

She tightened her lips, but said nothing.

"All your clothes are in your ship," said I, speaking with a sense of right; for I felt I had some claim upon this woman's candor, and her reticence was a violence to one's sense of kindness, and, in its way, an affront to us who were her deliverers. "You doubtless have friends there, too, who would be as much rejoiced as

astounded at sight of you. But how are we to



After the Ball

There is always a great rush for S. DAVIS & SONS' Cigars.

know your ship if you won't name or describe her?"

"I wouldn't return to her—" she broke off with a strange gesture of her hands in her lap, as though she was washing them.

"It's no business of ours, my dear, of course," said Mrs. Godbold, soothingly yet with an interrogative twist in her note, "but I would only have you consider, if you won't tell us who you are, or drop any hint as to what friends you may have in England, what are you to do when you arrive?"

"I shall give no trouble when we get home," she exclaimed.

"No, I didn't mean that quite—" said Mrs. Godbold.

"I have friends, and—oh, I wish you wouldn't question me!" she cried; and clapping her hands to her face, she rocked herself, moaning a little.

I took notice of her rings: the wedding-ring was thick, the jeweled one nothing very wonderful. They were white, plump hands, perhaps not so highly finished as her hair and eyes made you wish. She looked an uncommonly sweet young person, as she sat with her face half hidden, her fingers buried in the gold about her brow, her hair full of yellow gleams, glancing from the steady sunshine that was showering through the skylight and rippling in the polished bulkheads—But Lord! how should a plain sailor know how to describe a fine woman! Still, she was quite too choice a morsel for the sharks, which had mercifully left her unvisited, though more than one black, wet fin had followed, like the tip end of a scythe, in our wake a couple of days before; and I felt my heart somewhat high with the thought of having saved her, as I rounded on my heel, with a short bow to Mrs. Godbold, and made for my cabin, leaving the pretty creature rocking herself, her face hidden, and a yellow sheen trembling about her hair, as though every fibre were a ray of light.

(Concluded Next Week.)

The Czar's Adventure With a Bear.

Although no particular friend of sport, Alexander decided to follow up the traces of two bears which had been discovered near the village of Tokrovo. He was accompanied by a numerous suite. It so happened that one of the bears sent him spinning on the ground without, however, doing him an injury, and the animal fell dead, being killed by one of his followers about a hundred yards off. Alexander is reported to have said: "The beast seemed quite *au fait* in the manners and customs of the court, for he did not stop when he came up to me, as he had not been introduced." The bystanders hardly dared to smile, for they were convinced of the existence of a Nihilist plot among the bears.—*Il Corriere di Napoli*.

The Force of Habit.

He—Wife, love, I am taking part in a balloon ascent to-morrow.

She—I have no objection, love, only don't forget to bring me something nice when you come back.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

SHILOH'S CURE.

THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. Sold by Hargreaves Bros.

About Fancy Slippers

A NUT FOR GENERAL STORES TO CRAOK

Ladies' Satin Toe Slippers, rosette, all colors, all shades. \$1.47

Ladies' First Quality Satin Toe Slippers, nattiest made. General store price \$2.50. 2.00

Ladies' Extra Choice Satin Strap Slippers, rosette. General store price \$3.50. 2.50

Ladies' Cross Strap, Roman sandal, beaded. General store price \$5. 3.50

It would look from the foregoing that cheap selling consists in close buying and not as the general store fellows would have you believe—the jumbling together of mislabeled merchandise without regard to taste, fit or appropriateness.

George McPherson
188 YONGE STREET

Wedding Invitations At Home Cards Visiting Cards, &c., &c.

Engraved or Printed in the very latest "correct styles"

We give special care and attention to out-of-town orders. Samples and prices on application. Correspondence invited.

JAMES BAIN & SON
Art Stationers and Engravers
53 King Street East - Toronto, Ont.

OVERCOATS

Ulster and Cape Coats may come and go, but the Fly Front Oversack and the Double Breasted Overcoat goes on for ever, and neither waxes or wanes to any considerable degree in popularity. The Box Overcoat is as well liked and as much worn as it was last year, except that it will be longer and made with the seam in the back, the whole back with side vents having gone out of vogue with the best tailors, the length making them very objectionable to walking; besides it does not enable the wearer to sit without spreading the fronts.

Before purchasing elsewhere, would ask you to call and inspect my work (for seeing is believing), having always on hand sample garments.

HENRY A. TAYLOR
No. 1 Rossin House Block
TORONTO



ROSES
AND OTHER CUT FLOWERS
Floral designs made and delivered on shortest notice in any part of the city.

H. DALE
238 Yonge Street Telephone 783

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc. Invaluable to Orators and Vocalists. E. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

BERMUDA BARBADOS

Forty-eight hours from New York, THURSDAY

And other West India Islands every ten days.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary Quebec S.S. Co., Quebec.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent,
72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

RED STAR LINE

Belgian Royal and U. S. Mail Steamers

New York to Antwerp and Paris Wednesdays and Saturdays. Highest-class steamers with palatial equipment. Excursion tickets valid to return by Red Star Line from Antwerp, or American Line from London, Southampton or Havre. Ask for "Facts for Travelers."

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent
72 Yonge Street, Toronto

Take the Old Reliable and Popular

CUNARD

S. S. LINE.
EUROPE
Agent also for Allan, State, Dominion, Beaver, Hamburg, Netherlands, Wilson and French Lines.
A. F. WEBSTER
N. E. Corner King and Yonge Sts.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
General Steamship and Tourist Agency
72 Yonge Street, Toronto

For the different Canadian and New York Trans-Atlantic lines, Trans-Pacific lines, Southern lines, Foreign lines and Local lines.

Social and Personal.

The Thanksgiving dinner party of his Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick included Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Kidout, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasset, Mr. Gregg Young, Mrs. Ebor Ward, Mr. Martland, Mr. Cotton of Kingston, Miss Hewett, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Miss Kirkpatrick, and Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, A.D.C.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick's Wednesday afternoon reception was attended by General Herbert and Captain Streetfield, A.D.C. A few verbal invitations to "come in for a cup of tea" swelled the usual Wednesday throng. Among the later comers I noticed: Judge Kingsmill and Mrs. Kingsmill, Judge McMahon and Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. Nordheimer, the Misses Yarker, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Miss Kate Merritt, Col. Turnbull, Mrs. Ebor Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Forrester, Capt. Lessard, Mr. and Mrs. Macculloch, the Misses Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasset, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Boulton, the Misses Grace and Amy Boulton, Mr. Farness of Quebec, Capt. Gilpin Brown, Miss Nordheimer, Mrs. Barwick, Miss Hodgins and Miss Hugel.

Miss Hewett is spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Grasset, on Simcoe street. Miss Hewett is the daughter of General Hewett, who, as Colonel Hewett, will be remembered as late commandant of the Royal Military College at Kingston. General Hewett, since leaving Canada, has been stationed at Plymouth, but has lately been appointed to the command of the Royal Engineers at the "Sapper" headquarters at Chatham.

Colonel Bazette, R.A., and Mrs. Bazette, of Portsmouth, England, are staying with friends on Simcoe street.

The Saturday riding parties organized generally by Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, the Misses Beadmore, and Mr. Lawrie, R. C. T., have, as usual, been an important feature of the autumn season. On two Saturdays these rides have taken the form of paper-chases, while last Saturday the Toronto Hunt Club were fallen in with. On this occasion a somewhat surprising incident concluded an excellent run—surprising because sportsmen are usually not ungallant. A lady who is not a regular follower of the hunt had been in at the death of the fox close upon the heels of a member of the club, who by right of being first was entitled to the brush. To the surprise of his fellow members he did not at once offer his prize to the lady, nor did he do so (and then so ungraciously as to secure refusal) until he had met with remonstrance more forcible than polite from his brother sportsmen.

Amongst the ladies and gentlemen who pursued the hare and followed the hounds, and on Thursday saw the sham-fight from horseback were: Miss Beadmore, the Misses Jones, Mr. Stinson, Mr. K. Dixon, Mr. Shanley, the Misses Dixon, Colonel Grasset, Mr. D. Alton McCarthy, Mr. Lally McCarthy, Colonel Turnbull, Captain Lessard and Mr. Forrester of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Mr. Ben Cronyn, Mr. Boulton, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. Macdonald. Miss Jones had what looked like a bad fall. She was dragged some distance by her habit, but happily no serious consequences resulted.

The Fencing Master, bright and tuneful, with scenery that has rarely been surpassed here, and with its charming dances and dresses, not to mention its multi-colored tights and their contents, and the splendid figure and rare grace of movement of the Fencing Master herself, was sure to be a fashionable draw at the Grand Opera House. On Saturday night, as usual, there was a great falling off in the appearance of the audience, but on every other evening the house was as smart in front as behind, although not quite in the same particular way. For some unknown reason Friday is always a popular night at the play with the beau-monde. Last Friday was undoubtedly the gala evening of the week. The opera was begun sufficiently late to give some of many theater-parties an opportunity to get to their seats. Surely 8.30 is early enough for the commencement of any opera—since opera is always fashionable. On Friday The Fencing Master was played with great increase of "snap" and *verve*, for which the brilliance of the house and especially of the boxes probably accounted. Among Mrs. Ebor Ward's guests, whose party occupied the four boxes on the "prompt" side of the stage, I noticed General Herbert and Captain Streetfield, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickinson, Lieut.-Col. Turnbull, Miss Hodgins, Mr. H. Thomas, the Misses Hall of Montreal, and Mrs. Fitzgibbon. The last named lady wore a pale gray satin dress, with violets, some of which found their way to the corsage of Madame Papleson. Mrs. Ward's gown of blue and yellow silk, with brown lace, was also admirably becoming. In other parts of the house I saw Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Miss Rioran, Miss Arthurs, Miss May Arthurs, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, the Misses Beatty, Mr. Laurie, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Dr. Strange, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. Montizambert, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. Ward of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon.

After the opera on Friday evening Mrs. Ebor Ward entertained her theater party, whose number had been augmented from more than one dinner-party, at supper in McKenney's private rooms. A permanent private and separate entrance, by the way, would add greatly, so I am told, to the popularity of these same rooms.

I hear that the management of the Grand Opera House have at last decided to build a portico under which their patrons may enter the house from carriages, without being exposed to the full fury of the winter elements. Any one who has seen the passage of silk or satin shod feet across the streaming pavement on such a night as Tuesday of last week, for instance, will have wondered that so obvious a necessity has been till now dispensed with.

It was at my suggestion some years ago in these columns that the management referred to above provided proper cloak-room and lava-

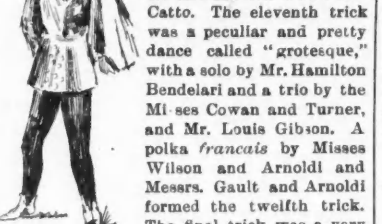
tory accommodation. The smoking-room which I advocated has not yet been attained to, but a very small matter to which I may now draw the attention of these purveyors of the public pleasure, is the necessity of providing adjustable screens to guard the eyes of the occupants of the boxes from the glare of the footlights, and of shading the incandescent light above the boxes with pink or some color that will make it less trying to the complexion of those who sit beneath it. To every woman there comes a time when such precautions are of importance.

The game of Living Whist, which was presented for the first time in Toronto on Wednesday evening, was a very bright and interesting entertainment. The performance passed off without a hitch and every credit is due to the many performers who have so patiently and carefully studied the various dances and marches which were given. Of course some were "to the manor born," as the saying is, and danced with marvelous ease and grace, while others found it labor, as was evidenced by their careful and anxious expression. Those clever girls, the Misses Clara and Emily Brown, whose dancing in the Marriage Dramas last year was so artistic, with Messrs. Brown and Sparling, composed the first trick, and danced a waltz minuet. The Misses Gussie Dixon and Carrie Rowland, with Messrs. Noxon and Rowland, danced the Frauentanz in the second trick; the Misses Macfarlane and Messrs. Arthur Stringer and A. Little gave a very graceful dance, La Favorita, in the third trick; Miss Bonnel and Messrs. T. H. Hall and M. J. Taylor, with Mrs. Bert Brown, danced Aurora for the fourth trick. The fifth trick was a pretty hornpipe danced *seul* by Mr. Cleveland Hall, and *en trois* by the Misses Eva Gooderham, Ada Blackwood and Mr. A. F. Nicoll; the Highland Fling was very neatly danced by the Misses Blackford and Grundy and the Messrs. Lucas for the sixth trick. The seventh trick was very prettily danced as a Bolero, by Miss Rogers and Miss Mamie Smith, and Messrs. R. D. Stovel and D. H. Macdonald. The eighth trick brought another solo dancer, who proved to be Mr. Rex Stovel, who is on a visit to Toronto to take this part, and Misses McDermid and Trivie Smith, with Mr. W. S. Pridham. The ninth trick was danced as a minuet by the Misses Shanley and Messrs. Arthur Sweetman and K. H. Cameron. The tenth trick was a Sadowa, a species of *Varisienne*, danced by the Misses Taylor and Messrs. Willis and Catto. The eleventh trick was a peculiar and pretty dance called "grotesque," with a solo by Mr. Hamilton Bendelari and a trio by the Misses Cowan and Turner, and Mr. Louis Gibson. A polka *francaise* by Misses Wilson and Arnoldi and Messrs. Gault and Arnoldi formed the twelfth trick. The final trick was a very graceful dance, La Commande, by Misses Alice Dixon and Edith Howard, and Mr. Blackford with Mr. Fred Bendelari, who as the Jack of Diamonds danced, as did the three other Jacks, a *pas seul*. Some very pretty faces were among the ladies chosen and some of the dancers were pictures of easy grace. Mr. Fred Baker, as the undesired joker, took his rebuffs in good part, and was funny in expression and antics. Floral tributes were presented to several of the ladies, and a vegetarian bouquet was tossed to Mr. Baker. Some smart people were in the audience on Wednesday evening in spite of the downpour of rain. The Government House party included the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Capt. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Master Eric Kirkpatrick. In the gallery were: Lady Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson and Mrs. Drury, Mr. and the Misses Gooderham, Mrs. Smith, Miss Paemie Smith, Miss Lee, Mr. Robert Christie and Miss Emma Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon and Miss McKinnon, Mrs. Irving Walker, Messrs. Walker, Judge and Mrs. McDougall, Miss McDougall, Mrs. Robert Gooderham, Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. John Cawthra; while downstairs I noticed: Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Major and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott, Dr. Lehmann, Mr. Ormiston, Mr. and Miss Howard, Col. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Oliver and party, and many others. Mr. George Dunstan recited an explanatory prologue in a clear and pleasant manner, and Messrs. Macfarlane, Duggan, Dunstan and Fisher played the hands.



Cards are out for a tea at Glen Allen on Richmond street west, where some of our smart bachelors will entertain their lady friends this afternoon.

Mrs. Graham's residence on Hazelton avenue was the scene of a very pleasant gathering on the eve of Thanksgiving. Miss Graham made a charming hostess. Among the invited guests noticed were: Miss Clara Henderson, who looked well in pale blue trimmed with silver braid; Miss Beamish, who wore green silk with lace, and many others.



Mr. C. E. Maddison and Mr. W. H. Banks of the Western Assurance Company have just returned from their shooting club on Lake Erie, and report the duck very plentiful, having killed between three and four hundred, nearly all mallards.

Capt. H. F. Hooper (late of H.M. 76th regiment) and Mrs. Hooper of Fermoyle Lodge, Rosedale, sail to-day by the Cunard steamship Umbria, for England, where they will spend this winter and the spring of '94. The captain

and Mrs. Hooper will probably pass the Christmas holidays at that fine old watering place, Bath, where Miss Filkes Hooper, a sister of Captain Hooper, resides. Their many friends in Canada wish them both a happy visit to the Motherland.

Hon. Lyman M. Jones has returned from a three months' visit in Europe and intends wintering at the Queen's Hotel. Mrs. and Miss Jones remained on the continent, where they will spend the winter months, going to Switzerland next summer and returning to Toronto in the early autumn.

Mrs. Palin of Gloucester street gave a very pleasant tea on Monday afternoon. Among those present were: Mrs. and Miss DesBarres, Mrs. Pangman, Miss Carey, Mrs. William Thompson, Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Creelman and others.

The faculty and students of Trinity Medical College gave their seventeenth annual dinner at the Rossin House last evening, and, as usual, the occasion passed off with considerable eclat.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mannell of the Tremont House have issued cards for an At Home to the guests of the Tremont on December 7, when, judging by past experience, a very pleasant evening will be spent.

On Wednesday of last week at half-past twelve, in St. Paul's church, Bowmanville, Miss Edith Allen, daughter of Mr. William F. Allen, ex-mayor of Bowmanville, and Mr. George Brown Ball of Toronto were married. The bride wore a most becoming gown of cream faille trimmed with chiffon; the bridesmaids, the Misses Margaret and Carrie Allen, wore quaint gowns of pink silk trimmed with black lace insertion, and smart black Napoleon hats with bunches of pink feathers, and carried enormous bouquets of pink chrysanthemums. The little maid of honor, Miss Marian Macatavish of Park Hill, niece of the groom, looked very sweet in a white velvet frock and big felt hat and feathers; the best man, Mr. P. B. Ball of Toronto, and the ushers, Messrs. W. L. Allen of Chatham, J. Neil Gordon, Victor Hutcheson, and Arthur K. McLaughlin of Toronto, wore *boutonnieres* of white chrysanthemums. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. D. Fraser, M.A., assisted by Rev. W. S. Ball of Toronto, father of the groom, after which the wedding party drove to Drumhalla, the residence of Mr. Allen, where the happy couple received the best wishes of their friends and the guests sat down to an elaborate breakfast. The popularity of the bride was shown by the many beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Ball left on the afternoon train for Montreal and the Eastern Provinces.

Miss Martha Smith, B.E., assisted by Miss Edith J. Miller and Miss Julia McBrien, gives a very tempting programme at Association Hall next Tuesday evening. The evening will be notably an exclusively feminine effort; as for the male performers, "They never will be missed." One of Miss Smith's readings is the Race with the Storm, from Lew Wallace's new book, The Prince of India.

The French Club meets this evening at the home of Mrs. H. Boarlier, 102 Wellesley street. M. Masson will give a short lecture on the life and works of Alexander Dumas, and at subsequent meetings each work of this celebrated author will be taken up separately.

Mrs. G. W. Badgerow, formerly of Avenue road, is now residing at No. 15 Elgin avenue.

A quiet wedding took place in St. Andrew's church, Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock, when Miss Lottie Healey, daughter of Mr. George Healey, and Mr. G. Gordon Christie, son of Mr. Robert Christie, Inspector of Prisons, etc., were married, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell officiating. The bride looked charming in a travelling gown of golden brown with pale pink and dark brown velvet trimmings, with hat to match. The bridesmaid was Miss Lillias Healey, sister of the bride, and the groomsmen, the groom's brother, Mr. Tom Christie. The young couple were the recipients of many handsome presents and left on the four o'clock train for Detroit, where the honeymoon will be spent.

Dr. J. O. and Mrs. Orr were among the guests at the Guildhall banquet on the inauguration of the Right Hon. George Robert Tyler as Lord Mayor of London.

Miss Pauline Johnson left yesterday for the East in order to give a number of recitals before Indian and historical associations in Boston, Salem, Cambridge, Beverly and other points. She has been tendered a reception at the Vendome Hotel, Boston, and one at the Harvard Annex. The Boston papers contain sketches of the poet elocutionist.

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings left for Montreal on Wednesday of last week to visit the Countess of Aberdeen at Montreal, where her Excellency is a guest at the Windsor Hotel.

Mr. Yoshimori T. Saito, the clever young Japanese artist, has completed a charming Canadian landscape for the Emperor of Japan. The name of the picture is Meadow Creek, and shows an autumn rural scene, with a couple of Canadian birches almost stripped of foliage, and a busy creek meandering and foaming over earthy bed and impeding boulders. The picture will be on exhibition at Ellis's art room, 3 King street east, along with several others of the artist's works, after Tuesday next.

Mrs. Lount of 144 St. George street will be at Home to receive her many friends on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

Mrs. Frank Caverhill of Montreal spent Thanksgiving with her mother, Mrs. W. H. Higgins, 17 Elm Grove avenue.

Amongst the gaieties of Thanksgiving Day was a dinner and dance at Weston. A large party which had been organized by Mrs. Scott Griffin, Mrs. W. Dixon, and Mrs. Montizambert, drove to the Eagle hotel in two large breaks, and did not return to town till the small hours were becoming large.

There is no better occasion for a five o'clock tea than the afternoon of a holiday. Especially

is this so when the "five o'clock" is not allowed to expand into a crowded reception. A hostess can receive *en menage* or *en menagerie*. Mrs. A. H. Campbell prefers the former method, and hence it is that the charming rooms and halls of Carbrook have been the scene on many a former Thanksgiving Day and Easter Monday, as on Thursday last, of the most successful "teas."

The officers of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, with *facile princeps* Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull, have been an acquisition to Toronto society. The latter officer left for Quebec this week on a month's leave. It is possible that on his return Colonel Turnbull may be accompanied by Mrs. Turnbull.

Sir William Howland gave large dinners on Friday and Saturday of last week. Amongst Sir William's guests were: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Ebor Ward, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Dr. Myer, Colonel Turnbull, Dr. Strange, Miss Wells, Miss Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merritt, and Mr. O. Howland.

Star of Bethlehem Tent No. 19 gave a splendid concert in the Auditorium, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, last evening. A long array of foreign and native talent contributed to the evening's entertainment, and a very well pleased audience was in attendance.

The next social event of importance will be the Grenadiers' Assembly on Thursday evening next. The gallant red-coats are always delightful hosts, and I am told some very brilliant gowns will do honor to their hospitality, and that a very elegant function is a certainty.

Mr. Harry A. Brown, one of SATURDAY NIGHT's brightest contributors, has just left England for a year's sojourn in Dresden. Mr. Brown has been touring in the British Isles and staying in London for the past year, and has enjoyed a right royal holiday.

Mrs. Stewart has removed from 626 Euclid avenue to 233 Beverley street.

The officers of the Royal Grenadiers say they are trying to arrange the invitations to their first assembly, which takes place December 7, so that there will be about an equal number of ladies and gentlemen. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss and Capt. Kirkpatrick, A.D.C., have accepted invitations to be present. The committee is using Room 6, No. 9 Toronto street, from which to issue cards, and anyone who does not receive his in time may have the matter set right at that office.

A very amusing and jolly evening is on the tapis in the shape of a smoking concert, which is arranged for the 19th, at the residence of Mr. James Crowther, Bloor street west. I am told this is to be a Hard Times Concert, and a prize awaits the society man who can make the most apt and dead-broke appearance. A quartette of ladies are to be the judges, and rumors of unshaven chins, unkempt mustaches, and unbarbered locks are making day hideous. But they probably will remain rumors, for I scarcely believe our men will make themselves as hideous as they can before four of the brightest and cleverest ladies in Toronto. We shall see in due time.

Three smart teas were given on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Towers, Rosedale, was at Home from four to seven. Mrs. Irving of Simcoe street also had a very successful tea, and Mrs. Harry Patterson of Brunswick avenue gave a very lovely tea in honor of her guest, Mrs. Drury of Kingston, who has been in Toronto for the last ten days. Mrs. Warwick of Sunningholme gave a large tea on Friday.

It was at an afternoon tea—two ladies who know everything were discussing a recent scandal. "Does she really meet him so often there?" asked one, and a bright face came from behind a *portiere* and a bright voice said pleasantly, "Not quite so often, only occasionally," and the subject of their gossip dropped the curtain over their confusion and slipped smilingly into the crowd.

Mrs. Salter Vankoughnet gave a large tea on Saturday afternoon, and was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughters, Mrs. McCrae and Mrs. McKinnon, from Montreal. Mrs. Vankoughnet wore a handsome dark costume; Mrs. McCrae, a stylish gown of brown and green, and Mrs. McKinnon, a dove-gray, with silver trimming. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, the Misses Sey-

Continued on Page Sixteen.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

EVENING GLOVES



In all the newest shades of Violet, Rose, Nile Green, Pale Lemon and Blouse in 12, 16, 20 and 24 Button Lengths. The New Manley Glove with fancy stitching in every shade with colored weltings and buttons to match.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT.

We have a very choice selection of goods suitable for evening wear. Gowns, Lisle, Duchesse, Satin, and Elegant Brocades. Special prices for Trouseaux. N.B.—Ladies living out of town will find it a great convenience to send for Our Measurement Sheet, whereby we can guarantee a perfectly fitting dress without personal interview. A great saving of time and expense. Special attention given to Sample Department and orders by mail. Moulding orders completed on the shortest notice.

WM. STITT & CO.,

1 and 13 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

There is DOULTON and DOULTON

Ours is

DOULTON

We have all varieties of goods, but our DOULTON is stamped on every piece.

There is nothing they make too good for us to keep.

Everything in HIGH ART.

PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge Street

Cor. Adelaide.

IMPROVED ACCORDION PLAITING

We are prepared to plait skirts and blouses in the new "Accordion Plaiting" any length up to 48 inches; 25c. per plain yard up to 25 inches deep; 40c. per plain yard over 25 inches deep. For skirts allow eight times the hip measurement. (Turn the hem out once and blind stitch.) L. STACKHOUSE 124 King St. (opp. Royal House) Toronto

LADIES TO GENTLEMEN PRESENTS

Gold or Silver.	Storing and Plated.
Out Stude	Frills
Collar Stude	Smoking Hats
Shirt Stude	Cigar Cases
Cut Links	Cigarette Cases
Tie Pins	Match Bx's
Scarf Pins	Stamp Bx's
Veil Chains	Soap Boxes
Eye Glass Chains	Shaving Cups
Lockets	Shaving Mirrors
Chains	Pocket Books
Sale	Paper Envelopes
Seal Rings	Book Markers
Signet Rings	Clear Cutters
Pens and Pencils	Riding Whips
Tab Stands	Umbrellas
Desk Calendars	Cases
Paper Weights	Car Whistles
Pen Wipes	Key Rings
Clocks	Key Chains
	Bag Tags
	Napkin Rings.

SPECIAL BACHELORS' SETS

The above and many other specialties at

The J. E. Ellis Co. Ltd.

Diamond Brokers and Jewelers

3 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

N.B.—Artistic letter and script engraving a specialty.

TABLE CUTLERY

Dessert Knives and Forks
Fish Knives and Forks
Game Knives and Forks
Carving Knives and Forks

SUITABLE FOR
CHRISTMAS
PRESENTS

Cutlery Cabinets at \$35, \$60, \$100, \$150, \$200 to \$700

RICE LEWIS & SON

LIMITED

King and Victoria Streets

TORONTO

HARRY WEBB.

Caterer & Confectioner

The Ontario Wedding Cake Manufacturer

447 Yonge St.
Opp. The College Avenue TORONTO

Dinners, Weddings, Evening Parties

minutes, deserved to realize matches giving to small number turned out goes to show by the support and together, that these stir up a li yet on the great incen

The ann Tuesday evening Martin, p chair. The consisting teams, three and two or secured a of course t feeling was duty to th steward. A fled, the cl order, and annual gann presenting Wadsworth thesplendid and also th our '94, both members ar The toast o then propos congratulat cup, of whic champions. his team, m and sitting r was then pro very compr Prof. Rigby speech of th behalf of th pleasant feel sors and stud of the stud being special Class of '94, ponded to by A. N. Del tain of the re responded to Robertson '94 Reed, respon the Queen. evening song and Messrs. Fletcher, Tre Troop, and rendered bel showing that a high order developing. I in the hall b a close.

After a stea due deliberat Club have de which in all the Grand The play hi so the club b with the spl back upon an ment that ca reason to forec ances will be in and this coup Toronto's fair argues well for

The course of Prof. Clark, w adding another that have been learned gentlemen attendance at very good, and first may be lectures were intellectual To animal nature matches.

The usual w Institute took F. DuMoulin, Mr. H. M. Littl over until the debate was—R should be Enf tive, Messrs. M the negative, M nach, '94 The margin. The d same time inter an exhaustive H. S. Bucke, '94 readers for the

Victoria seem to the Senior Two of our tea against 'Variety lodged by the qualified. Now turn disqualified its team. The

Trinity Talk.

THE football season officially finished on October 21, when the Divinity class and '95 played off the final inter-year tie. Divinity won, but only in the last few minutes, and then by one point only; but they deserved their victory. We are beginning now to realize the great benefit these inter-year matches have done, the great impetus they are giving to the game. With a comparatively small number of men to choose from, each year turned out the required team, in which were included men to a great extent novices, which goes to show the interest and spirit displayed by the men generally. There's nothing like sport and athletics as a means of binding men together, and we have every reason to believe that these inter-year matches, while they may stir up a little hard feeling for the time being, yet on the whole can be, and have been, a great incentive to college sport.

The annual football supper took place on Tuesday evening of last week, Mr. A. F. R. Martin, president of the association, in the chair. The gathering was a very select one, consisting of the members of the inter-year teams, three favored members of the faculty, and two or three others lucky enough to have secured a vacancy. The Divinity class were of course the guests of the evening, all hard feeling was put aside, and everyone did his duty to the excellent menu provided by the steward. After the inner man had been satisfied, the chairman called the assemblage to order, and presented the prizes won at the annual games to the several lucky ones. In presenting the championship medal to W. R. Wadsworth, the chairman congratulated him on the splendid showing made by him in the games, and also the year of which he was a member, our '94, both for the success of the individual members and also for winning the team race. The toast of the Divinity Football Team was then proposed by the chairman in a highly congratulatory manner, and the handsome cup, of which he is the donor, presented to the champions. Cap'n Chadwick, on behalf of his team, modestly replied in a few well chosen and fitting remarks. The toast of the faculty was then proposed by F. DuMoulin, B.A., in a very comprehensive and well received speech. Prof. Rigby responded to the toast in the speech of the evening, returned thanks on behalf of the faculty, and referred to the pleasant feeling existing between the professors and students, and characterized the feeling of the students towards their university as being specially loyal. The other toasts were: Class of '94, proposed by the chairman, responded to by H. N. Sanders; '95, responded to by A. N. DePencier; the captain and ex-captain of the football team, by H. V. Hamilton '94, responded to by H. S. Southam '95, and H. B. Robertson '94; the freshmen, by W. L. Baynes-Reed, responded to by D. Rogers '96, and lastly, the Queen. At different times during the evening songs were given by Prof. Huntingford and Messrs. McMurich, Ballard, Warbrick, Fletcher, Tremayne, Reed, Sarr, DePencier, Troop, and Belcher, several of the songs rendered being of a local and topical nature, showing that there is latent poetical talent of a high order in the college which only needs developing. Metagons and Auld Lang Syne in the hall brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

After a steady search for a suitable play and due deliberation on the subject, the Dramatic Club have decided upon the Scrap of Paper, which in all probability will be presented at the Grand about the end of January. The play hit upon is fairly well known, so the club has no light task before it, but with the splendid record of last year to fall back upon and with the best stage management that can be procured, we have every reason to foreshadow success. The performances will be in aid of the Athletic Association, and this coupled with the fact that some of Toronto's fairest are to take the ladies' part argues well for the undertaking.

The course of lectures on Dante, delivered by Prof. Clark, was finished on Saturday last, adding another to the many series of lectures that have been delivered by this popular and learned gentleman, to Toronto audiences. The attendance at the last few lectures has been very good, and the only fair attendance at first may be ascribed to the fact that the lectures were held on Saturday, when even intellectual Toronto could not subdue their animal nature and flock to the football matches.

The usual weekly meeting of the Literary Institute took place on Friday of last week, F. DuMoulin, B.A., president, in the chair. Mr. H. M. Little's motion re debates was laid over until the next meeting. The subject of debate was:—Resolved, that Men and Women should be enfranchised alike. The affirmative, Messrs. McCallum, '94, and Cooper, '96; the negative, Messrs. Troop, M.A., and Cattach, '94. The negative won by a very narrow margin. The debate was amusing and at the same time interesting. A. Dymont, '96, read an exhaustive essay on Music, and Messrs. H. S. Bucke, '94, and McMurich, '95, were the readers for the evening. RED AND BLACK.

Victoria Vagaries.

THE professors as well as the undergraduates have been sufferers from the epidemic familiarly known as the Chicago cold that has been visiting the colleges with such dire results. We regret that the Chancellor is quite ill, as his absence is soon felt in college life. During the sessions of the Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance, his place was taken by Prof. Badley, LL.D.

Victoria seems to have been a veritable Jonah to the Senior Association Football League. Two of our team played with the Riverides against Varsity, and as a result of the protest lodged by the latter the Riverides were disqualified. Now, last week, Varsity was in turn disqualified for having one of our men on its team. The only remedy seems to be to

enter the league ourselves, but, as the boys say, our *minus* campus renders this impossible.

The Conversazione Committee has been issuing the invitations all week and has almost completed the list. At its regular meeting it was decided that Academic full dress should be the order of the evening. The Union Literary Society has decided to carpet Alumni Hall, add desks and seats, and, indeed, make it a model society room. The members are trying to have everything in readiness before the conversazione.

The boys at college familiarly known as "preachers' sons" are taking a lively interest in the movement in the city to have a great banquet in February at which the guests will be those gentlemen now resident in the city whose fathers either are or were Methodist clergymen.

Some of the delegates who recently visited us were considerably surprised when they found that the little theological school of their imagination developed on closer view into a rather good-sized, commodious Arts college, with as jolly and public-spirited a crowd of boys as can be found anywhere. Wesley's Sermons and Fletcher's Checks are not our only text books.

The Victoria Chess Club was hospitably entertained last Saturday evening by the librarian. A very pleasant time was spent and various college matters came up for discussion.

There is a powerful movement on foot to establish a chapter of a Greek Letter fraternity in our college. BLUE AND BLACK.

'Varsity Chat.

THE 'Varsity lecture-rooms during the Thanksgiving season were almost deserted, owing to the stronger attractions of the home turkey. It is a pleasant little break in the monotony of lectures and "plugging" to be able to throw them overboard and take the train for Home, Sweet Home. The student is refreshed by more wholesome fare, a short season's rest and the happy renewal of home acquaintanceship, and the four weeks remaining till Christmas seem like two. The students are all back again now and the change can be seen quite plainly in brighter eyes, rosier cheeks and quicker steps along the corridor. Even residence men I hear profited by the Thanksgiving good cheer.

Last week's Literary Society was devoted to the discussion of The Constitution. To the graduates of Toronto University, to the men who have gone through campaign after campaign of stern and doubtful conflict, that statement recalls scenes ghastly and terrible. The battles fierce that have been fought over that bone of contention would fill a history. What party names it calls to mind—Federalists, Outriders, Unionists, Alma Maters, Progress and Parity—all these have been banded to and fro over the floor of the "Lit." in days gone by, and all in upholding the integrity of the sacred constitution. And yet how vain was all their conflict in the transactions of last Constitution night. Old precedents were overthrown, time-honored rights disregarded, and sacred institutions trampled in the dust. The medicals were expelled with hardly a dissenting vote.

The clause forbidding the discussion of Canadian party politics was canceled and radical changes made in the Constitution of the College Journal. The 'Varsity is now directly under the control of the Literary Society and thus no recurrence of last year's events regarding The 'Varsity can occur.

By the way, The 'Varsity seems to be getting along swimmingly. At a meeting held this week the directorate considered the question of improving the appearance of the journal by using the best grade of white paper and replacing the present cover with another in heavy tinted paper. A special illustrated Christmas number is also under consideration, with the front page to be embellished with an artistic College design.

The men who have for the past few weeks been wasting their energies in opposing the council in the latter's action regarding "The Shed," have now to more purpose addressed themselves to collecting the fifteen dollars. After all it would have been better if they had done this at first; they certainly did injury to College property and should be willing to go down in their pockets and pay for it.

The First Session of the Mock Parliament in the University is under way under the premiership of S. J. McLean, '94, with B. A. C. Craig as leader of the Opposition. Early in the week the speech from the throne was distributed and it certainly is a comprehensive instrument, embracing everything from an Intermediate Court of Superior Jurisdiction to the prohibition of the wholesale destruction of canned fish and a close season for sealing wax. The Cabinet is as follows:—Premier and President of the Council, S. J. McLean; Minister of Marine and Fisheries, C. C. Stewart; Minister of Justice, W. M. Boulton; Minister of Public Works, T. H. Greenwood; Minister of Finance, H. A. Clark; Minister of Agriculture, T. M. Wilson; Minister of Railways and Canals, W. E. McPherson; Minister of Trade and Commerce, O. E. Culbert; Minister of Militia and Defence, E. Gillis; Minister of the Interior, D. O'C. De Lury; Secretary of State, R. W. Allin; Postmaster-General, A. R. Clute; Solicitor-General, C. P. Megan; Controller of Customs, E. D. Carder; Controller of Inland Revenue, J. T. Inkster. The adoption of the speech from the throne will be moved by S. C. Dignam and seconded by H. Hewish.

Mr. C. D. Barr, captain of the Cornell Rugby Football Team, spent Thanksgiving with his brother, A. F. Barr, '96, in University Residence.

The Modern Language Club held a French meeting last Monday afternoon in the college building. The authors Halévy and Ponsard were treated in essays by Misses N. and E.

Darling and Messrs. Murray and Cram. A unique feature of the meeting was a French speech by President Lingelbach.

The 'Varsity Rugby Club held their annual election of officers on Monday, and the following are next year's officers: President, T. McCrae, B.A.; vice-president, R. D. W. McMillan; secretary, D. B. Macdonald; treasurer, A. F. Barr; councillors, W. H. Cronyn, H. G. Kingston, W. R. White, A. C. Kingston, J. Counsell, A. Campbell. Messrs. George Claves and K. D. W. McMillan were chosen to represent Varsity at the annual meeting of the Rugby Union to be held next week.

Mr. George Claves left on Tuesday for New York to witness the Yale-Princeton game to be played on Thursday, American Thanksgiving Day. AARON.

It Was Ever Thus.



Some Droll Verdicts.

It may not be generally known to Englishmen that the law regarding Scots juries differs materially from that of the English. Not only does a bare majority in Scotland decide a prisoner's innocence or guilt, but the Scots juries have the choice of a third verdict, viz., "Not proven," and it is on record that a jury once returned the verdict, "Guilty, but 'not proven'."

Our English readers, however, must not run away with the idea that Scots juries have a monopoly of stupidity. More than one English jury has declared a prisoner guilty, but recommended him to mercy on the ground that "they weren't quite sure that he did it;" while a Cardigan jury once found a man guilty of the crime of arson, with £20 damages.

Another dozen of "good men and true" were trying a man for murder, and as they were apparently confused with the counsel's arguments the judge explained that if they were not satisfied they could find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter, just as they could on an indictment for child murder find a woman guilty of concealing the birth. This intelligent body of men withdrew, deliberated for a long time, and returned into court with a verdict finding the man guilty of concealing the birth of the deceased!

In the case of a woman being tried for the murder of her infant, a South Wales jury appeared to be paying the closest attention, but what was the surprise to all present when, after all the evidence had been heard, counsel on both sides had spoken, and the judge had summed up, the foreman addressed the judge with:

"My lord, I wish to say I am the only man on the jury who understands a word of English."

At that stage of the proceedings nothing could be done but go on, so the foreman explained the case to his colleagues, and, needless to say, the woman was acquitted.—*Tribune*.

The Reward of Honesty.

A Paris cabman found a splendid turbot that had been left in his cab. He went at once to the Commissary of Police. "Very good, my friend," said the latter; "come back again in a year and a day, and if, in the meantime, the turbot has not been claimed, it shall be yours."—*La Croix*.

Sixteen Times Married.

Of all the extraordinary stories of female adventures, the account of the career of Golden Hand, a Russian woman recently condemned to Siberia for life, reads most like an effort of fiction.

Remarkably attractive and good-looking, and speaking fluently Russian, Roumanian, German, French and English, she had been married sixteen times and in turn ran away from each of her husbands, carrying off everything upon which she could lay her hands.

Once before she was condemned to Siberia, but had not been there long before the chief overseer fell a victim to her wiles, married her and went off to Constantinople. But after a few months his wife bolted, and soon after was recognised in Moscow by a police official, who proceeded to arrest her.

In response to her urgent pleadings, how-

JOHN CATTO & SON

Have Purchased...

A MANUFACTURER'S AGENT'S STOCK

Linen Damask Table Cloths, Napkins and Doylies. Fringed and Hemstitch Huck and Diaper Towels. Slip Cloths, Sheetings, Pillow Cases and Handkerchiefs.

MAIL ORDERS receive the same advantages as purchases made personally

Clearing at Exceptionally Low Prices

KING STREET

OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE

G. R. RENFREW & Co.

FURRIERS

To Her Majesty the Queen

Have always on hand a complete stock

...of...

LADIES'

Seal Skin Garments

Shoulder Capes

Ruffs, Muffs

and Gauntlets

FUR LINED GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

71 & 73 King St. East, Toronto

35 & 37 Buade St., Quebec

"Souvenir" Ranges

-- ARE -- THE LEADERS

AND ARE UNEQUALLED FOR

Baking Heating Water Economy of Fuel and Durability

And are well made and handsome. Fitted with

"Aerated" Oven and Genuine Duplex Grate

EVERY RANGE WARRANTED

MANUFACTURED BY

The GURNEY, TILDEN CO.

HAMILTON, ONT.

SOLD BY

W. T. Mullett & Co.
M. Hancock
F. W. Wilkes
E. W. Chard
J. T. Kinsman
A. Maas
A. G. McIntyre
James Ivory
J. T. Wilson788 Queen Street East
78 Jarvis Street
106 Dundas Street
324 College Street
371 Yonge Street
534 Queen Street West
466 Queen Street West
638 Queen Street West
166 Queen Street West

Fur Mantles

Fur Capes

Latest Styles

Perfect Fit

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.



J. & J. Lugsdin - 101 Yonge St. TORONTO

ever, he delayed marching her off upon the spot, and, like the rest, speedily succumbed to her fascinations, with the result that the woman again escaped and lived some two years in Russia unmolested.

But her sixteenth husband, after she had made off with the bulk of his worldly possessions, finding out who she really was, speedily landed her in jail, where the lawyer intrusted with her defence had an opportunity of appreciating her skill as a pickpocket. When he went to see her in her cell she presented him with a gold watch and chain, as a token of her gratitude for his efforts in her cause. Feeling in his pocket he afterwards discovered that the watch and chain were his own.

MARJORY'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretences," &c., &c.

COPYRIGHTED, 1893, BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

In spite of Mrs. Hyde's lamentations and remonstrances, therefore, Helen went up to town and made arrangements to enter the hospital almost immediately; but when the decision was finally made there came upon her like a cloud the consciousness of one thing which she had yet to do, and that was to tell the new rector and his family that she was leaving Redwood. The Belby children were by this time so much attached to her, and she was so fond of them, that the thought of parting from them was a sore trial to her; but it had to be faced. She walked over to the Rectory one afternoon when she knew that Mr. Belby was likely to be away from home, and sought out Fanny in the pretty, quaintly furnished drawing-room, where once Helen and her mother had reigned supreme, and where little Fanny was now mistress. But Fanny, nearly fifteen, looked much more fit for her position as lady of the house than she had been when she first entered that room as a shy child in a shabby frock, with all the cares of a narrow income upon her shoulders. Prosperity and country air had done much for her, and she was by way of becoming a very pretty girl, as well as a capable housekeeper. By Helen's own advice a daily governess had been found to come from Southminster three times a week, for lessons, and Fanny made an apt pupil, though she was still in the habit of carrying all her difficulties, small and great, to her friend and adviser, Helen Drummond.

It would have given Helen a great pang to enter that room and see it occupied by strangers; but it did not grieve her very much to see the Belbys in possession. Mrs. Belby was reverent of the past, so anxious not to wound her friend by changes, that Helen had already been obliged to suggest various improvements to her, which the girl would have thought almost sacrilegious if suggested by anyone else. Mr. Belby had bought most of the Rectory furniture when he took it over, and the drawing-room looked, therefore, much as Helen had always known it, except that her favorite pictures were gone from the walls and the old china in which her father delighted no longer adorned the Indian cabinets and old-fashioned inlaid tables. These precious treasures were, as Helen knew, stowed away in boxes for her own use whenever she required them; but as she looked around the old room, hewn of its former glories, she could have half wished that the china and the pictures, and all the other little artistic treasures which had been her mother's especial property, were back in their places, and not reposing in carefully packed boxes in one of the attics at Redwood Hall, where they would remain stowed away until Helen herself wanted them.

"And I suppose it may be years before I see them again," Helen had said to herself, as she superintended the packing away of her old home possessions. It was foolish, she knew, to feel grieved over such a trifle, but the veriest knick-knack had become a sort of relic, and she grudged each one to the silence and darkness in which they must now repose. Almost better, she thought, to have left them on the Rectory walls and tables, where they might at least have given pleasure to somebody's eye.

"You have not been here for a long time," said Fanny, greeting her friend effusively, and making her take the most comfortable easy-chair in the room. "I have not seen you for nearly a week—but what is it, dear Miss Drummond? You don't look quite well, or you are troubled about something. What is it?"

"It is nothing to be troubled about," said Helen, forcing a smile. "It was only that I was thinking it would be some time before I saw this dear old room again."

"Why?" said Fanny quickly. "Are you going away on a visit?"

"I am going away, but not on a visit exactly. I daresay I shall come down now and then; and I believe I shall have a holiday in the summer."

"But I thought you were going to live at the Hall always," said Fanny, her eyes growing large and round.

"No, dear; I never meant to live always at the Hall. I have not quite enough to do now, and my life seems a little empty and barren. You are old enough to understand that, I am sure, Fanny dear. I am going away to London to learn to be a nurse in a hospital, but London is not very far off, and of course I shall see you again very soon, and, I hope, very often."

The tears were in Fanny's brown eyes already, and dropping upon her cheeks, but Helen bent forward and kissed them away.

"I know you will miss me for a little while," she said softly, "but you will soon get over that, though I am sure you will not forget me when I am away."

"Forget you? No, indeed!" cried Fanny, "but I don't know what I shall do without you, dearest Miss Drummond; you have been so good to us all! And whom shall I go to now when I am in trouble and puzzled about things? I shall get into all sorts of muddles—I know I shall—when you are not here to help me."

"There are plenty of other people who will tell you what to do when you are puzzled. Go to Mrs. Hyde or Mrs. Severne; you know how kind she is, and how fond you are of her little boy."

"Oh, yes, she is very kind," said Fanny, "but not kind like you. Of course she has got Mr. Severne and the baby to think about, and you always seem to think of us first, as if we were really important to you, and not as if you were just doing a kindness. I don't know what we shall do without you—any of us."

"You must consult your father when you are in trouble," said Helen.

"Oh, that is not the same thing," said Fanny. "Men, gentlemen, you know, don't like to be bothered, and they don't always understand. Now you always understand, and I thought you would go on living at the Hall, and that we should see you every day, and that it would all

be so nice," Fanny's voice grew more and more dolorous as she continued, "And whenever I was puzzled by the servants or the poor of the parish I had only to say to them, 'Miss Drummond says so and so,' and they gave in to me when you are not here to back me up. Because, you see, father says I must not behave like a little girl, I must be his helper and companion, and the mistress of the house, and an elder sister to the children and everything, and it sometimes seems a great deal more than I know how to do."

"You will grow older every day," said Helen, "and you will find that every year makes things easier. I hope you will write to me sometimes, will you not, Fanny?"

"If I may," said Fanny gratefully, "I will write every week and tell you how everybody is getting on."

"And all your troubles," said Helen, with a little smile. Fanny's troubles seemed to her very small just then.

"Not many people know about it, do they?" the child went on, with a wistful look. "I suppose I may tell papa?"

"Certainly. Everyone knows about it by this time. It is no secret."

"There he is!" cried Fanny, starting up, as a dark figure passed the window. "I will call him in to speak to you, and then you can tell him yourself." She was out in the hall before Helen could stop her, and presently returned, leading her father by the hand. There was a touch of concern in the look he gave her, a concern which was interpreted by his words.

"Fanny tells me that we are to lose you from Redwood," he began.

"Yes, I am going to be trained as a hospital nurse. I hope," said Helen, hesitatingly, "that you do not disapprove?"

"Disapprove! Far from it; but I trust you are not taking up this course because you are unhappy at Redwood."

"I have been very happy indeed with Mrs. Hyde," said Helen, coloring a little, "but I feel that I have not quite enough to do here, and I want to learn how to be useful."

"It is a good object," said Mr. Belby gently.

"But isn't it dreadful that Miss Drummond should go away from us?" cried Fanny. "I don't know how we shall get on without her."

"Miss Drummond has been so very kind to us all that we shall miss her very much," said Mr. Belby, "but you must remember, Fanny, that she has something else to do beside being kind to one set of people in a country village."

"Then you do not think I am wrong in going?" said Helen with downcast eyes.

"No; why should you not go?" he said quietly. "You have no ties here, and it is well to do all that one can for the good of the world. I wish you happiness and success."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and held hers gravely for a moment or two, looking as if there were something he wanted, but knew not exactly how to express. It came at last.

"You have been very kind to my children, my motherless children," he said, with a thrill in his voice, of which she could easily divine the meaning, "and I thank you. I may say 'God bless you' before you go?"

She looked up for a moment as if to thank him, but her eyes were full of tears. The man's kind-heartedness had vanquished the awkward shyness that so often stood in his way. His tone was almost fatherly, and the benediction seemed to cheer and strengthen her as she went on her way. Nevertheless, she was very glad when the farewells were spoken, and she was free to depart.

She had not thought that she would feel the parting with the Belbys quite as much as she did. The new rector, who had been her father's helper, was like an old friend, and the children had become inexpressibly dear to her. She felt it almost hard that she could not show her affection in any practical way. She would have been very glad to help them as she used to do in the days of their comparative poverty, but they were lifted above such need of help at present, for the Redwood living was a good one, and Mr. Belby was, therefore, a prosperous man.

"They have no need of me," she said to herself, with rather a sore heart, as she went back to Redwood Hall. "They will forget me in a week. It is well I am going somewhere where I can be of real use. I don't mind how hard the work is as long as I feel it is worth doing. I am sure it is good for me to be going, and I think Mr. Belby thought so too, and if, as Felix says, the work may be too hard for me, I must come home again, though not without a struggle, for I don't mean to be beaten easily."

So it was with a cheerful countenance that she set forth on her first lonely expedition into the world, and her courage did not falter, even though the leave-takings at the station were something of an ordeal; for all the Belby children were there, and various old pensioners of her father's had come up from Redwood to bid the old Rector's young lady good-bye. But, in spite of her courage and resolution, it was exceedingly trying, and she was glad when it was over.

Felix had chosen the hospital that she was to go to, and had made various arrangements for her well-being. She had nothing to do but to settle down in the niche which he had found for her, and to go through the routine of her various duties with as much industry and patience as she was capable of. Certainly, her occupations were at first neither very congenial nor very interesting, and the work was sometimes exceedingly heavy; but just then Helen was glad of any amount of hard work, as it kept her from brooding over the losses that she had recently sustained. The breaking up of her home and the death of her parents were not trials to be easily sustained by a nature so gentle and affectionate as Helen Drummond's, and from day to day she felt that she had been wise to cut herself off resolutely from

the associations which constantly renewed the memory of sorrow. Here in London in the great wards of the hospital, where every moment was occupied and brain and hand were equally busy, she had little time for retrospection, and at night she was so weary that she fell asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. Even Felix, when he saw her after a few weeks of this sort of life, was obliged to own that she looked better than when she was last at Redwood, and that her strength did not seem to be too severely taxed. She was a favorite with the nurses, and patients, and doctors alike. She enjoyed her work and had, as Felix put it with a smile, evidently found her vocation.

"But I thought you were going abroad," he said to him when he came to see her in the recreation hour, and she went for a walk with him through some of the quieter London streets.

Felix looked at her as she walked beside him and thought how well the nurse's costume became her. The fair face looked all the sweeter when framed in the plain bonnet with its broad white strings, and the long cloak did not altogether disguise the graceful lines of her tall and supple figure. She looked strong and healthful and beautiful, and Felix felt, as he often did, a little thrill of astonishment by himself for not being more warmly inclined towards the cousin whom he liked and admired so much, but did not love.

"I thought I was going before now," he said, "but I have been detained. Archie Severne has been ill."

"Did he allow you to attend him, then?" said Helen.

"Not he. We had to send for a doctor from Southminster," said Felix, with a smile in which Helen discerned annoyance. "What detained me was that I had to do his work."

"He is better now?"

"Yes, I think so; it was only a chill, with a touch of fever, I think; but it was a tedious affair, and very wearying to his nurse."

"I should be afraid so. How is she?"

"I did not think her looking very well," said Felix, "but that cannot be helped as long as she has a husband like Archie, and he half laughed and half sighed, as if trying to disguise from Helen and from himself the bitterness of the conviction.

"Poor Marjory!" said Helen softly.

Felix did not answer. A vision rose up before him of the face he loved, as he had last seen it, wan and worn by the cares of nursing; possibly, as Felix sometimes feared, by the irritability of the sick man and the difficulty of satisfying his requirements. Mrs. Hyde had said to him lately that Marjory was losing her beauty, for she was thin and pale, and there were shadows about her eyes and lines upon her forehead, but though Felix's heart ached when he looked at her, it always seemed to him that she was more beautiful than ever. It would not do, however, to put all this into words, and so he began to talk to Helen about her hospital life, and led the conversation so skillfully away from himself and all his concerns that it was not until afterwards that she recollected how little she had learnt about her friends at Redwood. He had scarcely uttered the Belbys' names, and yet it was about them that Helen would have liked to hear. Fanny's letters came regularly, but were somewhat unsatisfactory. But Felix was so busy in putting her through an examination on her duties that she really had no time to make many enquiries after Redwood folk.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It was on one of the first warm days of spring, and shortly after Felix's first visit to Helen in London, that the Squire of Redwood Hall came up to the pretty little house now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Severne. It was a mild, still afternoon. The fruit trees were in blossom and the birds were busy with their nests. There was a blue mist of hyacinths in the woods, and every corner of dell and dingle was starred with primroses.

"If any day could make a sick man well," thought Felix, "this is of all others the very day." He almost hoped to find Archie in the garden, but on enquiry he found that Mrs. Severne was out and that Mr. Severne was in the sitting-room. Thither Felix betook himself, and found to his amazement that the room had been sedulously darkened, windows and blinds were alike closed, and Archie's form was only dimly visible on a couch in the darkest corner.

"Shall I bother you if I come in?" said Felix. "How are you to-day, old man?"

There was a somewhat fretful exclamation from the sofa, but no very intelligible answer to the question. Felix came in and shut the door.

"Headache, I suppose?" he said, standing beside Archie's sofa.

"Yes, headache," was the reply, rather gruffly.

"You would be much better for a little fresh air in the room. Why don't you come out into the garden and get a little wind and sunshine? That would take away your headache better than anything."

"That is what strong healthy fellows like you always say," returned Archie irritably. "For my part I hate sunshine. I like coolness and quiet, and a subdued light, sometimes."

"Well, so do I sometimes," said Felix good-humoredly. "But can't I do anything for you? What sort of a headache have you got?"

"It is almost better now it doesn't matter," said Archie.

"Then I think I had better open the window," said Felix with decision. "What do you mean shutting yourself up in the dark like a woman because you have got a headache? Come out with me; you will be all the better for it."

"I don't suppose you know what headaches like mine are," said Archie, in a tone of great irritation. "I wish to goodness you would hold your tongue. If you and Marjory would let me alone I should be obliged to you, but it is always the same; no woman can help nagging, and you are as bad as a woman any day."

"Thanks for the compliment," said Felix, quite undisturbed. "I don't mind being put on a par with Marjory. See what a fine afternoon it is."

He had pulled up the blind and opened the window. A flood of sunshine illuminated the little room and Archie half reluctantly drew nearer to the window, leaned his arm upon the sill and looked out. The garden was bright with spring flowers, the scent of hyacinths and wallflower was wafted softly to his nostrils, and the passing breath of an April wind. The freshness and beauty of the scene brought in pace to his troubled brow. He laid his hands over his eyes, for the light was too strong for him, and quite unconsciously uttered a sort of moan, like that of a creature in pain. Felix, standing at the window, steadfastly regarded him, and at this point placed his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"There is something the matter with you beyond a headache," he said gently. "Why not make a clean breast of it? You'll be all the better for speaking out." Archie made an impatient movement. He was as petulant as a child.

"There is nothing the matter," he said, "except the remains of what you doctors called nervous shock at the time, I remember. It seems absurd to you, no doubt, but one does not easily get over the remembrance of experiences like mine."

"It is not absurd by any means, but after a year's time I think you ought to be able to put those painful memories aside. Is it at night that they torment you most?"

"At night, mostly," Archie's voice was still sullen, but after a pause he spoke rapidly, as if impelled by some irresistible impulse to confession.

"There is one particular nightmare," he said, "which I have two or three times a week at least. Last night it repeated itself in a queer way. I had it twice over, and then I got up and read so that I should not fall asleep again; but, it was an odd thing, the nightmare still seemed to come. Dream or vision, or whatever it was, while I was still awake it got between me and the pages of the book somehow, and I could not drive it away. Good heavens, Felix, you don't think I am going mad?"

"Of course not; but I think you are nervous, and that perhaps your digestion may be in a touchy sort of state. What was your nightmare like?"

Archie's answer was next door to being unintelligible. He spoke low and fast, and the words which Felix distinguished most clearly related to the clutching hands and fierce eyes of a man who wanted to drag him down, while the angry waves of a swelling sea mounted higher and higher around the fragments of wreckage on which he and other shipwrecked mariners had sought escape from death.

"Ah!" said Felix, "that is the dream you used to have when you were delirious. A sort of notion that somebody was wanting to kill you during that wreck."

"I had it then, had I? I do not wonder. God knows I have never been free from it ever since." He hid his face in his hands and groaned aloud. Felix again watched him silently for a few minutes. There was no sound save that of the birds' twittering voices and the hum of a stray wild bee which seemed to have made its home in the row of bushy wallflowers beneath the window frame.

"It seems to me," Felix said, "that there must be some foundation for this dream of yours. Was it suggested by something you saw or heard during the wreck of the Aurora?"

"If there were," said Archie, with a restless movement, "I do not see any good in recalling it."

"There is this good, that by telling the incident you might dissipate your midnight vision. It is probably because you won't face the remembrance fairly and clearly that you are haunted by it, and I think I have some clue as to the incident which impressed you so strongly."

He spoke with deliberate quiet and calmness; but Archie gave a great start, and lifted his face suddenly from his hands, a face which had grown suddenly white, as if his whole being were shaken by some sudden fear.

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"How—what do you know?"

"I think I told you that I met a man in New York called Strangways—"

"I never heard of him on board the Aurora," Archie interposed hastily.

"No, I do not suppose so; he called himself on board by another name. He was a stevedore passenger like yourself and was known as Jeremiah Strong."

A sort of shudder passed through Archie's frame. Felix felt satisfied that he had hit the right nail on the head. Archie must have witnessed that terrible scene between Strangways and the man who had robbed his daughter of her last remaining chance of life, and the horror of it had impressed itself in some peculiar way upon his brain. Felix had often said to himself that he did not understand Archie, and this touch of hyper-sensitiveness seemed to him somewhat inconsistent with the young man's character. But, after all, he had seen too much of human nature to be very much surprised by any of its contradictions.

"You knew the man?" said Felix, in a lower voice.

"Yes, I remember him," Archie acknowledged with a gasp. The lower part of his face was again hidden, but Felix saw the drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead. He pitied Archie for this stress of emotion, but he was quite convinced that the only way to rid him of his nightmare was to induce him to face that terrible memory courageously, and to resolve that he would be in its thrall no more. Therefore he pressed his point.

"I have often wondered whether you saw anything of him during the voyage; at any rate, I suppose you were with him on the wreck for some part of the night?"

"Each man for himself," interposed Archie, in a curiously strained voice. "You do not expect that under those circumstances one could take much notice of what was going on around one."

"I do not know," said Felix. "I should have

imagined that one's senses would have been sharpened at such a time; and the story that Strangways told me was so terrible that I think you must have seen or heard something of what passed."

"Can't you hold your tongue?" said Archie, with sudden roughness. "I have told you over and over again that I won't talk about that night. The sooner I forget it the better."

"You will forget it all the more speedily if for once you would speak out," said Felix sternly. "You are giving way, brooding upon it, making a fool of yourself. Do you suppose you are the only man in the world who has been shipwrecked and seen horrible sights? Pull yourself together and be a man."

"I do not know what you want me to say or do," said Archie, ashamed as it seemed, into some sort of acquiescence. "I can't see the slightest good in raking up all the painful incidents of that shipwreck. Why, that man— that man you speak of," he went on, lifting his face while his eyes dilated with a curious expression of mingled horror and fear, "that man was fool enough to think he could save his daughter by putting a life-belt round her. She was half dead already; she had not the slightest chance; but a strong man—a swimmer—the belt was of some use to him!"

"Ah, that is a thing I was coming to," said Felix. "You saw it, then? Some brute, it seems, took the life-belt forcibly away from the girl and used it himself. I do not like to think of that old man's face when he told the story, and for the sake of our common humanity I sincerely hope that the ruffian did not find the belt of much use to him."

Felix could not see Archie's face, but from the nervous twitching of his fingers he conjectured that the scene had made a great impression upon his mind. It was in a husky voice, very unlike his own, that Archie presently said, in a confused and stammering way, "You said the man—that man—was alive in New York. I never thought he would get safe to land."

"No, it is a most remarkable escape," said Felix; "his arm was broken, and he was a great deal bruised and battered, but he was one of the very few picked up and brought to land. The girl, of course, was drowned. Well, from what you tell me of your dreams, Archie, I suppose that is the scene which repeats itself. I can imagine that that old fellow, with his fierce eyes and his helpless agony of rage, could not easily be forgotten. Now just tell me—I ask for the sake of confirming my own theory—do not you in your dreams confuse yourself with the man who took the belt? Do not you feel as if you had committed the crime, and the old man's hands were stretched out to clutch your throat, and his curses were lighting on your head? My dear fellow, it is a very common experience, and you need not worry yourself about it. Your only danger lies in your brooding over it so that it may become a fixed idea, which—to put it very plainly—would be the first step towards a form of mania which it might be difficult to cure. That is why I tell

you to face the thing bravely, and to resolve that you will be in its thrall no more. Therefore he pressed his point.

"I have often wondered whether you saw anything of him during the voyage; at any rate, I suppose you were with him on the wreck for some part of the night?"

"Each man for himself," interposed Archie, in a curiously strained voice. "You do not expect that under those circumstances one could take much notice of what was going on around one."

"I do not know," said Felix. "I should have

imagined that one's senses would have been sharpened at such a time; and the story that Strangways told me was so terrible that I think you must have seen or heard something of what passed."

"Can't you hold your tongue?" said Archie, with sudden roughness. "I have told you over and over again that I won't talk about that night. The sooner I forget it the better."

"You will forget it all the more speedily if for once you would speak out," said Felix sternly. "You are giving way, brooding upon it, making a fool of yourself. Do you suppose you are the only man in the world who has been shipwrecked and seen horrible sights? Pull yourself together and be a man."

"I do not know what you want me to say or do," said Archie, ashamed as it seemed, into some sort of acquiescence. "I can't see the slightest good in raking up all the painful incidents of that shipwreck. Why, that man— that man you speak of," he went on, lifting his face while his eyes dilated with a curious expression of mingled horror and fear, "that man was fool enough to think he could save his daughter by putting a life-belt round her. She was half dead already; she had not the slightest chance; but a strong man—a swimmer—the belt was of some use to him!"

"Ah, that is a thing I was coming to," said Felix. "You saw it, then? Some brute, it seems, took the life-belt forcibly away from the girl and used it himself. I do not like to think of that old man's face when he told the story, and for the sake of our common humanity I sincerely hope that the ruffian did not find the belt of much use to him."

Felix could not see Archie's face, but from the nervous twitching of his fingers he conjectured that the scene had made a great impression upon his mind. It was in a husky voice, very unlike his own, that Archie presently said, in a confused and stammering way, "You said the man—that man—was alive in New York. I never thought he would get safe to land."

"No, it is a most remarkable escape," said Felix; "his arm was broken, and he was a great deal bruised and battered, but he was one of the very few picked up and brought to land. The girl, of course, was drowned. Well, from what you tell me of your dreams, Archie, I suppose that is the scene which repeats itself. I can imagine that that old fellow, with his fierce eyes and his helpless agony of rage, could not easily be forgotten. Now just tell me—I ask for the sake of confirming my own theory—do not you in your dreams confuse yourself with the man who took the belt? Do not you feel as if you had committed the crime, and the old man's hands were stretched out to clutch your throat, and his curses were lighting on your head? My dear fellow, it is a very common experience, and you need not worry yourself about it. Your only danger lies in your brooding over it so that it may become a fixed idea, which—to put it very plainly—would be the first step towards a form of mania which it might be difficult to cure. That is why I tell

you to face the thing bravely, and to resolve that you will be in its thrall no more. Therefore he pressed his point.

"I have often wondered whether you saw anything of him during the voyage; at any rate, I suppose you were with him on the wreck for some part of the night?"

"Each man for himself," interposed Archie, in a curiously strained voice. "You do not expect that under those circumstances one could take much notice of what was going on around one."

"I do not know," said Felix. "I should have

imagined that one's senses would have been sharpened at such a time; and the story that Strangways told me was so terrible that I think you must have seen or heard something of what passed."

"Can't you hold your tongue?" said Archie, with sudden roughness. "I have told you over and over again that I won't talk about that night. The sooner I forget it the better."

"You will forget it all the more speedily if for once you would speak out," said Felix sternly. "You are giving way, brooding upon it, making a fool of yourself. Do you suppose you are the only man in the world who has been shipwrecked and seen horrible sights? Pull yourself together and be a man."

"I do not know what you want me to say or do," said Archie, ashamed as it seemed, into some sort of acquiescence. "I can't see the slightest good in raking up all the painful incidents of that shipwreck. Why, that man— that man you speak of," he went on, lifting his face while his eyes dilated with a curious expression of mingled horror and fear, "that man was fool enough to think he could save his daughter by putting a life-belt round her. She was half dead already; she had not the slightest chance; but a strong man—a swimmer—the belt was of some use to him!"

"Ah, that is a thing I was coming to," said Felix. "You saw it, then? Some brute, it seems, took the life-belt forcibly away from the girl and used it himself. I do not like to think of that old man's face when he told the story, and for the sake of our common humanity I sincerely hope that the ruffian did not find the belt of much use to him."

Felix could not see Archie's face, but from the nervous twitching of his fingers he conjectured that the scene had made a great impression upon his mind. It was in a husky voice, very unlike his own, that Archie presently said, in a confused and stammering way, "You said the man—that man—was alive in New York. I never thought he would get safe to land."

"No, it is a most remarkable escape," said Felix; "his arm was broken, and he was a great deal bruised and battered, but he was one of the very few picked up and brought to land. The girl, of course, was drowned. Well, from what you tell me of your dreams, Archie, I suppose that is the scene which repeats itself. I can imagine that that old fellow, with his fierce eyes and his helpless agony of rage, could not easily be forgotten. Now just tell me—I ask for the sake of confirming my own theory—do not you in your dreams confuse yourself with the man who took the belt? Do not you feel as if you had committed the crime, and the old man's hands were stretched out to clutch your throat, and his curses were lighting on your head? My dear fellow, it is a very common experience, and you need not worry yourself about it. Your only danger lies in your brooding over it so that it may become a fixed idea, which—to put it very plainly—would be the first step towards a form of mania which it might be difficult to cure. That is why I tell

you to face the thing bravely, and to resolve that you will be in its thrall no more. Therefore he pressed his point.

"I have often wondered whether you saw anything of him during the voyage; at any rate, I suppose you were with him on the wreck for some part of the night?"

"Each man for himself," interposed Archie, in a curiously strained voice. "You do not expect that under those circumstances one could take much notice of what was going on

have been
story that
le that I
something

and Archie,
you over
out that
er."

to say or
ed, into
see the
ful incli-
at man—
n, lifting
a curious
ar, "that
ould save
ound her.
not the
—a swim-
."

to," said
brute, it
from the
to think
the story,
immanity
find the

but from
the con-
ject-
Impres-
sion-
s voice,
ntly said,
You said
New York.
I and."

ape," said
he was a
ne was one
to land.
Vell, from
hie, I sup-
itself. I
with his
age, could
tell me—I
theory—
a yourself
Do not you
e, and the
to clutch
ghting on
very com-
orry your-
es in your
me a fixed
would be
which it
why I tell

SOAN MARRIOTT TO THE
QUEEN

NG
COA

laws which
tion, and by
well-selected
fast and sup-
may save us
use of such
adually ill-
by disease.
and us ready
s that escape
fortified with
Civil Service

old only in
neopathic

MODEL

NGTON
WRITER

Supplied

DECH
et, Toronto.

AKER
O

AKER
O

you that you had better look the thing fairly in the face and try to combat it."

"What is there to see?" cried Archie, with a despairing groan. "You do not know what you are talking about. And yet—don't you understand? Don't you know the truth? It is no use talking to me about mania; things are bad enough without that. I was the man!"

There was again a sudden silence. It was the turn of Felix to start and even to turn pale. He made an involuntary step backward; then his voice changed, and he looked at Archie's bowed head with an expression of mingled pity and comprehension.

"Do not say such things, man! You have, as I thought, let the thing get hold of you too much. Rouse yourself, Archie! It is a delusion, a dream, like your other dreams. We know very well—Marjory and I—that you are not a coward or a villain. Do your best to forget that dream of yours, and these fancies will soon fade from your mind."

He spoke in perfect good faith. The very idea that Archie could possibly have been guilty of so base an act was too terrible to be entertained. He could only be sorry for the suffering which such a delusion would entail. It would have been easy at that moment for Archie to seize his advantage, and to treat his own statement as a momentary aberration of mind; but he had lost his self-control, which had been maintained only through the silence which he had failed to break. Now that Felix had broken down the barrier reticence was impossible.

"I tell you," he said, hoarsely and excitedly, "that I know what I am saying as well as you do. I took the belt from the girl; the old man had told me to put it round her and I refused; why should I blame myself for that? The girl could never have been saved; why was my life to be thrown away as well? But for that life-belt I should have been drowned; to throw away one's life for a sentiment, what was the use of that?"

Felix recoiled. The justification of his action carried more conviction to his mind than Archie's bare assertion of the fact; but still he did not believe. Let Archie talk his delusion out—that was the notion which presented itself to his mind. It would probably die away in its own time.

"The girl was unconscious," Archie went on, hurriedly. "I believe she was dead already, or dying. No woman could stand the exposure of that night. It was a mere mad fancy of the old man to think that she could be saved."

Hadn't I myself to think of, and Marjory, too? But for the old man's eyes and those bony fingers of his, which tried so hard to get at me, I should have forgotten the whole thing long ago. I do forget it in the daytime, but at night he comes back, and I go through it all again, and hear him calling down vengeance upon me and see the hatred in his eyes. Teach me to forget that night, Felix, and I will thank you all the days of my life."

"You had better put yourself entirely under my care," said Felix practically, "and see if I can't cure you. Do not be afraid. We will make you forget. I will stop that dream from coming; see if I don't."

He spoke cheerily, and gave the young man an encouraging pat on the shoulder. It was a delusion, of course. Poor old Archie! To think of his keeping it to himself all this while! But the cheerfulness of his tone seemed to produce no reassuring effect upon his friend. In fact, Archie scarcely seemed to hear his words. He roused himself from his dark reverie and murmured, "I thought that old fellow must be dead. I thought it must be his ghost or something that haunted me in this way. Do you say that he is alive—alive in New York, and that he told you his story?"

"He did."

"Then," said the young man calmly, "I might as well cut my throat or put a bullet through my head, for that man will never rest till he has found me dead or alive. I thought the worst was over," he said with a slight shudder, "and being dead he could do me no more harm. I see now that it is all to come."

What could Felix say in face of so strong a delusion? He waited and watched with doubtful eyes, while Archie, raising himself and moving back from the window, flung himself once more on the sofa, from which he had been reluctantly dragged, and hid his face in the cushions.

"You had better let me stay here and not drag me out into your cursed sunshine," he said, in a muffled voice. "I tell you that old man will find me here one of these days, and will have his reckoning, as he said. You had better let me alone."

He lay haggard and motionless for some minutes, and Felix leaned against the window frame, musing over the story he had heard. He was relieved when, after a considerable period, Archie again moved and spoke—this time in a more natural voice.

"I say, haven't I been talking nonsense?" he asked. "I have been having that dream of

Everyone who can afford it should have a Melissa Rainproof Wrap. The most fashionable, comfortable and economical garment of the day.

mine again—the one I told you about, you know; and when it gets hold of me I do not think I am quite responsible for what I say."

A heavy load seemed suddenly to fall from Felix's heart. In spite of himself, Archie's words had produced an uncomfortable sensation of doubt. He was glad to be restored completely to his former opinion that Archie had brooded so long over the horrors of the shipwreck that he had at last come to identify himself with the unknown ruffian who had committed a crime, of which Felix felt certain that Archie was not capable.

(To be Continued.)

English Opinion

A writer in *Heraclitus's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal*, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says: "The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big." After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence: "The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MARIE A.C.—Your writing is very fair, but lacks firmness. You never make it better by self-deprecation. Brace up, my girl! You are honorable, careful, discreet, rather lacking in hope and ambition, a little temperate and worthy of improvement. See answer to M.G.

ISOBEL.—This is a decidedly formal person, of deliberate and conscientious ways, some tendency to idealism, a firm, matter-of-fact and careful method, extremely honorable and truthful, cautious in bestowing affection, reasonably hopeful and of some originality, some ambition, and necessarily selfish, moves her to action, and disturbs the admirable calm of her well ordered mind.

LOS IMPERIALES.—You are of brilliant imagination, much ambition, generosity and impulse, a little self-will and an abundant energy. You are adaptable, buoyant, a lover of beauty, have great intuitive perception, variable temperaments and extreme perseverance, good sequence of ideas and much regard for the impression you make. I think I should never grumble at my studies, if they were all as good as the fire I have had so far this morning. Each was perfect in its way.

M.G.—I think you have not read the rules. I have made a rule not to study scraps of letters, especially when sent by persons of the opposite sex to the letter writer. It is not a fair use to make of your correspondence, my friend. Your own writing shows perseverance, self assertion, a very heavy and decided will, rather a kind nature, but not particularly sensible or cultured. You can be loving and loyal, and would probably be constant, having a slight tendency to look on the dark side. Your ideas are clear and logical and your discretion excellent. Self-preservation is a strong trait; temper is pretty good.

UNUSUAL THE FAIR.—So you'd like to know if you are clever? Well, you believe you are; isn't that enough? You have bright imagination, some facility, good ambition and a rather excessive sense of the ludicrous; you love novelty and ought to be a good traveler; are impulsive and warm hearted; while your character is not on quite such grand lines as your friend's, you are far above the average in originality and brain power. I should fancy you were related, you two; if so, papa has his hands full, but has reason to be proud of his daughters. I am consumed with curiosity to hear the secret. Please let me have it, as the studies lay, in the next issue.

COCKLES ALL ALIVE.—A very magnetic, bright and clever personality, full of vitality, force and ambition, adaptable, brave and candid, with great determination, love of the beautiful, some humor and sympathy, vivacious and frank in manner, born to be a leader. Thank you, my dear, for a study such as seldom gladdens my eyes. If there were more American girls like you, I should certainly go in for Annexation, but then, you say you're dying to be a Canadian. What are our young men thinking of, that they don't make you one? The only possible fault I can find in you is a disposition to be too emphatic over small matters. If I were as you opine, a very young man, of the giddy kind, I should perhaps not love you so much as I do, for my worship would be rather tempered by awe. Bye-bye!

GERALDINE, Himelade.—I have another of your name somewhere. The fact that your writing looks different at different times, only denotes facility and a rather sensitive temperament. I should not think the change would effect it from a graphological point of view; its characteristics are so strongly marked, they'd be sure to appear always. For instance, nothing would make you methodical, nor capable of a long continued struggle for a desired end, you are good tempered, impatient, fond of beauty and probably interested in some definite art study. You are a little inclined to despond sometimes, but your nature is far from melancholy. You dearly love luxury and ease, and are a trifle inclined to be self-absorbed and delirious of approbation. A fearful character, in need of repose and self-discipline to develop its best side.

DOLA.—I don't think your former letter can have reached me. If you had repeated your question about the Civil Service Exam., I might have answered it now. If there is anything you wish to know about it, kindly let me hear from you and I will answer it immediately. The editor of this column is never too busy to attend to the questions sent in. That's the business of the editor's life. 3. Your writing shows energy, impulse and a slightly erratic will, apt to spend force without consideration. The lines indicate lack of gentleness and conciliation but are presumably a youthful specimen, and time should rub off their crudeness. Thought, brain-power and some force of will are shown, with rather strong opinions tenaciously held. I am sure, with practice you would succeed in the

"I'll let him see," muttered our peasant. "What is it you want?" he shouted. "Clear out this minute, or I'll make short work with you!"

No reply.

"You won't get out of the way?" roared the drunken man. "Then take that!"

So saying, he brought his stick down heavily on the tall shiner that adorned the stranger's head; he then gripped him round the waist, lifted him off his feet, and threw him with such vehemence to the ground as to dislocate every bone in his body. The figure lay breathless and without motion at the feet of his assailant, who became increasingly alarmed as the true state of affairs began to dawn upon him. "Mercy! I've killed the man!" he at length exclaimed, and hurried away, trembling in every limb. Next morning Simmesbauer awoke with a racking pain in his head, but when the remembrance of the previous night's adventure gradually dawned upon him he sprang out of bed and into his clothes, and marched out of the house before the police were on his track. Once more he took his way across the fields, and, after proceeding half a mile, he saw before him the cherry tree under which the dead had been perpetrated.

"Ha! there's the hat," he said. "What an old piece of toggery, a relic of the last century, I should say. And there's the murdered man!" So saying, he stooped down to look at him, but suddenly rose again to his feet, danced about with wild delight, and exultingly cried: "Hooray! I'm no murderer! No need to run away! Why, it's only a—scare-crow!"

Humoristische Blätter.

Just So.

Magistrate—You were taken into custody for being drunk and disturbing the peace!

Prisoner—Just so.

M.—You must have been taking too much rum?

P.—Just so.

M.—The policeman picked you up out of the gutter?

P.—Just so.

M.—You were very violent on your way to the station, and even went so far as to strike the policeman?

P.—Just so.

M.—For this offence I hereby commit you to prison for six months.

P.—What! six months' imprisonment!

M.—Just so.—*Ueber Land und Meer.*

Talking Out of School.

Servant maid—Please, ma'am, the parrot has been saying another lot of fresh words.

Mistress (to lady visitor)—Yes, my Jokko is very teachable: it listens to every word that my dear husband speaks to me. (To servant)—What did the creature say?

Servant maid—Shut up, you old besom!

Tableau!—*Leeshalle.*

For Colds,
Coughs,
Croup, Influenza, and
Bronchitis,
use

AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL

the best
of all anodyne
expectorants.
Prompt to act,
Sure to Cure

PARQUETTE —Send for designs and price list.
—FLOORS. 92 TO 96 BAY STREET, TORONTO.
ELLIOTT & SON.

AGENTS WANTED, male and female, to sell our new *Best* *Brush*, *Cake and Paring Knife*, *Cutlery*, and *Kitchen and* *Shavers* *Shavers*. No capital required. *Free* *refers*, *in* *proof*.
CLAUDE SHEAR CO., Lock Box 324, Toronto, Ont.

Dry Kindling Wood

Delivered any address, 6 crates \$1.00; 18 crates \$3.00. A crate holds as much as a barrel.

HARVEY & CO., 20 Sheppard Street

Telephone 1570 or send Post Card.



J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Montreal
Sole Agents for Canada



PAINTING THE ROSE

We are not painting the rose when we say that

BABY'S OWN SOAP

is the best ever manufactured for the nursery.

Its perfume is delicate and it will not harm the most tender skin.

Try it for the nursery and you will agree with us.

The ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Montreal.



Not After the Ball - - But After Your Trade

PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY

67 to 71 Adelaide St. West

'PHONE 1127

BRANCHES—93, 729 and 434 Yonge Street
Also 1360 Queen West and 724 Queen East

ANOTHER FORTUNATE LADY!

The Pearl of Great Price Found After Three Years of Suffering!

Mrs. Wheeler says: "I am now blessed with perfect digestion, I sleep well, and altogether I am a different woman."



MRS. E. R. WHEELER.

The iron fetters of disease must yield when the sick and suffering use that marvelous life-renewer, Paine's celery compound. The curing and healing properties of this great medicine are such, that victory always follows in its train. The galling bonds and chains of disease that have baffled physicians and common patent medicines are always removed when Paine's celery compound is fairly and honestly used by the sufferer.

It matters not how wearied and worn out by suffering a man or woman may be, we assure them of relief, sweet rest and cure. If your physician has labored with you for weeks, months or years, and has failed to secure for you the blessing of health, do not despair and consider your case hopeless. There is life for you in Paine's celery compound; it has cured thousands who were in a worse condition than you are now in; surely it can meet your necessities and wants.

The past and present record of Paine's celery compound is a marvellous and inspiring one. Numberless testimonials vouched for by clergymen, lawyers, magistrates, and other prominent men in our own Canada, amply prove that Paine's celery compound is elevated far above all other medicinal agencies in virtue and true healing power.

It is made to save lives, and not simply to sell. Paine's celery compound produces the strongest proofs—the best testimonials—ever published in the world. Every cure is genuine; the cured people are about us, they are our neighbors and friends, and always ready to vouch for every word that is published in the

newspapers respecting their cases.

To-day we are permitted to give the public another wonderful proof of what Paine's celery compound can do in the work of banishing disease and sickness.

Mrs. E. R. Wheeler of Windsor Mills, P.Q., whose portrait appears above, is a lady who is well known and respected in her town. She had suffered for three years, and only found a cure when she used Paine's celery compound.

Mrs. Wheeler very kindly writes for the benefit of those who are suffering, and who have met with disappointments and failures by using medicines that possess no virtues. It is worthy to notice that Mrs. Wheeler's statement is endorsed by a prominent and respected clergyman. Mrs. Wheeler writes as follows:

"I have been troubled with indigestion, sleeplessness and general debility for about three years; I have been under the care of doctors and have used medicines for a long time, but could not find relief from suffering. Your Paine's celery compound was highly recommended to me, and I finally decided to give it a fair trial. I am astonished at the great benefits I have received by using your medicine. I am now blessed with perfect digestion, I sleep well, and altogether I am a different woman. I most cheerfully recommend your Paine's celery compound to all that suffer from any of the troubles I have experienced, as I am sure it will give them instant relief." Rev. J. E. Cox, of Windsor Mills, vouches for the above as follows:—"I hereby certify that the above statement is correct."

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.
TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$3 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. VII] TORONTO, DEC. 2, 1893. [No. 2

Short Story Writing.

LITERATURE is the worst taught subject in the whole educational system of Ontario—not that pupils do not spend much time over it in high schools and colleges, and even in public schools; but there being no definite aim in view no uniform result is attained. Two men may take the same course in literature, yet one will know ten times as much as the other without being called upon to reveal it. All education is utilitarian, either immediately or remotely, and the study of literature is calculated to broaden the mind, impart culture and facilitate expression by tongue and pen. The practical part of the study of literature is to comprehend the nature of its construction, so that one can write with fluency and in a manner sufficiently conformed to the mode to make oneself intelligible to all. I am not going to write a school essay on literature, but am, from the newspaper office point of view, going to present a few facts to show the relation of schools to current literature.

It is a common printing-house statement that no two men would punctuate the same column of reading matter in the same way, and that no woman in the world would punctuate the same column alike on two separate occasions. Be this true or not, it is true that every writer who punctuates at all has ideas peculiarly his own, and there is no accepted authority for settling disputes. I would be willing to stake a lot of money on the statement that if I sent an unpunctuated manuscript of one thousand words to Prof. Grant of Queen's, Prof. Caven of Knox, Prof. Loudon of Varsity, Prof. Clark of Trinity, and to the editors of six of the leading magazines of America, no two of the lot would punctuate the article in precisely the same way. If the article were sent to the principals of the Collegiate Institutes of Ontario I would still risk my money on the statement that no two of them would punctuate it alike. If any believer in our educational institutions considers this a libel, he may take me up and we will put it to the test. The universities are turning out Masters and Bachelors of Arts by scores every year who are equipped with only one punctuation mark—a dash, which they use for everything: period, comma, colon, semi-colon, parenthesis and whatnot. In time the compositors in the printing offices will hold the only uniform system of punctuation extant; already the average compositor could lecture the college faculties and teachers' institutes on the subject. This is the first point in which practical literature is not taught, but skimmed over.

Ninety per cent. of the population in Ontario can read and write, according to the latest Government report on the subject, and probably twenty-five per cent. of these make more or less pretentious efforts at writing fiction. The other seventy-five per cent. write letters to the press occasionally. The punctuation in all this mass of matter is abominable as a rule. But that point has been disposed of. The treatment of the plots chosen for short stories is nearly always inartistic and unpardonably raw. One writer will start his little story with a descriptive introduction as exhaustive and minute as those with which Sir Walter Scott began some of his big books. Another will introduce you first to the hero, telling you his height, his weight, his Christian name and whom he was called after—lugging in a lot of particulars about this superfluous third person—describing his eyes, his nose, his hair, his success at college, his popularity with all classes, his charity to the poor, his love for Angelina; then you will be introduced to Angelina, her points noted, her lineage traced, her virtues enumerated; then the old friend of the two families; then the villain and a host of other people, one after the other, until you fancy you have got hold of the catalogue and pedigree of a slave auction. Another writer will string together a continuous relation of events without resting place or pause, the whole thing sounding when read like the evidence of a tiresome witness in a law suit, allowed to tell his story in his own way. Very few seem to admit that there is any art in story-writing, and fewer show that they have searched for the rudiments of the art. The schools appear to take no cognizance of the art. The tendency of the time is so strongly towards the consumption and consequent production of fiction, that the rudiments of the art of story-writing should be taught, along with the rudiments of book-keeping. This would not clog the market but would relieve it for the great majority would realize their unfitness, while the few would have their talents properly directed. As it is now, all go ahead, groping blindly without guide or method—the many after innumerable rebuffs and failures being ejected bodily from a pursuit they never would have entered had they understood its nature; the few gaining by years of experience and trial the preliminary equipment that might have been acquired in a few months of training. A student whose bent is poetry may take an art course, and, with application, equip himself for his life-work; for there are essays and comparative studies innumerable to his hand. But there is no organized routine for studying the art of creative fiction. The student is drilled to declaim fiery passages from this or that writer; he is told to admire certain dramatic portions of

another writer as unequalled in its kind; but all the efforts of teachers to instruct and students to acquire instruction, are scattered, random, haphazard. The graduate sends the editor a story designed to agitate the world, and the first ten pages of the foolscap on which it is written are devoted to introducing the characters, while three suffice for the story itself. It is like building a thousand dollar pedestal for a plaster-cast worth one dollar.

If some man would make a special study of the art of writing fiction and start an academy for imparting instruction in the creative and constructive branches of the subject, he would be entitled to government aid, the hearty cooperation of the press, and would soon collect a lot of pupils. A month at such an institution would either justify the literary aspirations of a pupil or dispel them, to his lasting comfort.

As it is now, a great many of those who could create something worth while are too diffident and self-conscious to attempt it, while hosts of those who, under no circumstances, could contribute one new idea to the existing stock, are whacking away to the terror of the editorial profession and the dismay of helpless readers. Letters are constantly received at newspaper offices reading something like this: "Enclosed find a short story entitled *A Mad, Mad Love*. It is my first attempt and I hope it will suit you. I would like five dollars for it." It seems that even school-children no longer consider it any honor to have a story inserted in a good paper; they demand pay for a first attempt. A newspaper can, through a syndicate company, buy the Canadian right of short stories by the best known writers in England and the United States for five dollars apiece. Yet a novice sending in his or her first attempt will ask pay, and the same pay as the syndicate ask for stories by T. Quiller Crouch, Rudyard Kipling, James Payn, Alphonse Daudet and others equally talented and famous. I do not believe that anyone who has the courage to send his or her "first attempt" to an editor is gifted with sufficient perception or delicacy of character to ever amount to anything as a writer. One who can thus force his first attempt forward, instead of hoarding it in secret, is deficient in soul. From what I have read and from what has been confessed to me by the few successful story writers whom I have met, I find that as a rule those who in the end attain success are those who write, not for the press at the start, but for their trunks. They write and write and store away, now and then reading back, and, as directed by their improving taste, correcting, re-writing or destroying, until their talents matured, something is nervously sent out into the world. The ambitious young person who has none of this delicacy should turn to some vocation in which self confidence will bring quick returns.

This article is already too long, and I have only indicated some views on the matter. This office is constantly receiving manuscripts to be "criticized and returned." To beginners and many who are quite old in sin no better advice could be given than this: Store your writings away for a year and criticize them at the end of that time. You will destroy three out of every four of them and find it necessary to re-write the fourth one. If you do not see occasion for destroying or re-writing your manuscripts after the lapse of a year, then destroy them anyhow and conclude that you are too deficient in taste and originality to attempt story-writing; you will have stood stock-still for a year without hatching a new idea. Next week I will growl at the poetic contributor.

MACK.

The Drama.

THE Black Crook is making its periodical Canadian tour, and I saw one act of it last Tuesday afternoon. Incidentally it might be remarked that I counted nine daily newspaper men within fifteen feet of where I sat, and the remaining daily journalists of the city were probably scattered in other parts of the pit. I am told that the same gentlemen were present in bulk on Monday evening, I know they were at the Tuesday matinee, and it is probable they continued to attend all week. You know it is hard to decide just whether a play is immoral or not, and newspaper men wish to be fair. I perceive fine Roman heroism in the way the reporters of the city press immolated themselves for the public good. After witnessing every performance during the week from the front seats with microscopic glasses, I think it is their cautious opinion that the play is vulgar and semi-indecent. However, if the local manager could induce The Black Crook to remain a week longer and give nine more performances, the newspaper men would no doubt be able to announce a definite conclusion. As for me, I entered at the commencement of the second act and made a virtuous escape at the next fall of the curtain, treading on the toes of an old lady next me, who sat there rendered perfectly dead and dumb by what she had just seen. Perchance she was not a theater-goer, but went there to decide once for all whether the theater is an evil or a good thing. In such a case she must have formed a very damaging opinion, and will hereafter condemn even the dialogues of a Sunday school anniversary.

The one big purpose of The Black Crook is to be as vulgar and indecent as the law will allow. It pays—nothing pays better. Those who admire things indecent are always ready to pay for their gratification; but educate one of these fellows, convince him that his tastes have been gross, his ideas vulgar, and what will this remodeled man do with his spare dollar? Will he put it on the collection plate at a Y. M. C. A. song service or buy with it admission to a scientific lecture? Not quite. When you were praying over and educating him you included all plays and theaters in a common condemnation, and deprived him of the means of entertainment natural to him, but you could not give him a taste for science or pound into him the idea that he should pay a dollar for spiritual songs. He cannot go to a good play for entertainment—what will he do with his dollar? Why, the new and sanctified man will throw his influence into the scale for good, and, actuated by motives similar to those of Inspector Arch-

bald and the newspaper reporters, will pay out his dollar like a little man to see The Black Crook. He wants to see it so that he can condemn it, so that he can agitate for its suppression, so that he can fortify himself in the contention that the theater is wicked and evil and abominable. And the manager of the company takes his dollar and pays it in salary to the girl who, with a Queen Anne ruffle on her waist in lieu of a dress, pivots on one toe and points with the other straight into the muzzles of the sanctified man's operaglasses. This is a succinct history of a regenerated man's dollar. The girl no doubt uses it to buy a new and more transparent suit of tights.

The staging of the piece is beautiful, nothing more charming to the eye has been seen here for a long time; but why in the name of common sense do not the two leading girls learn to dance? They simply jump and hop and pivot and kick without grace or ease or object. They might come out and announce themselves in this way: "We will now give you a representation, as near as the law will allow, of two naked crazy women."

A missionary whose field is in the extreme limits of the Canadian North-West informed me this summer that when he first entered his mission he found every Sunday devoted to horse-racing and drunkenness, and that scarcely anyone could be induced to attend church. He became convinced of the impossibility of making any headway by the ordinary methods of a minister, so when the next big race was announced he went to one of the principals. "Look here," he said, "I consider it unfair for you to hold that race on Sunday." "Unfair! How?" "Well, I am a clergyman and could not go to a horse race on Sunday. These races are about the only sport up here, and I should be given a chance to witness them. Hold the races on Saturday or Monday and I can be present." The sporting people at once changed the date, and since then no races or drunkenness have occurred on Sunday. The parson attends every race and his presence serves to prevent a great many things that formerly marked the event. On the other hand, the whole population turns out each Sunday to church. Who can in this case question the wisdom of his course? I will go the length of using a word that will set opposition in arms, for people are roused by slogans, as in more savage days—temporize with evils that cannot be overcome. In the matter of plays, if religious people would admit a difference between a drama of no bad tendency and one that is bad; if they would countenance and encourage the good, the bad could soon be suppressed; whereas by opposing, all the evil ones flourish behind the defences thrown up against the unjust attacks made upon those that are clever and charming and unobjectionable in every way.

MACK.

Those who enjoy clean, sweet comedy have been sorry to find that Roland Reed has been taken ill at his hotel and prevented from appearing at the Grand for the greater part of the week. Mr. Reed is much admired in Toronto, and it is hoped that, as announced, he will be sufficiently recovered to stage his new piece *Dakota* on Friday night and Saturday afternoon and evening. If he is, he will surely be greeted by big houses.

An event of more than usual interest is the forthcoming visit of Russell H. Conwell, the well known preacher, author and orator of Philadelphia. Mr. Conwell is to-day one of America's most popular platform speakers, and almost the last of the stars who made the platform brilliant in the days of Gough, Beecher and Chapin. He is in constant demand in all parts of the country and cannot respond to one-half the calls he receives. His large income from his lectures has been wholly devoted to the benevolent work of educating the poor. Mr. Conwell will deliver his masterpiece entitled *Acres of Diamonds*, or, Where to get Rich and become Great, at the Pavilion on Tuesday, December 12, constituting the third number in Kleiser's Star Course.

Mrs. John Drew will be at the Grand next week, Paul Kaurvas at Jacobs and Sparrow's, and Gus Hill's World of Novelties at the Academy of Music.

The Wiles of Woman.

A SMALL boy in great glee sat on the front steps of a vacant house. Nothing outward appeared worthy of his consideration. His gaze on abstraction was concentrated, dignified but final. His well preserved clothes suggested the attentions of a mother and the smoothness of his hair indicated that her last ministrations had been recent. Round the corner appeared a young man who spent his time in investigating physical phenomena as seen on the way to business. He was struck by the unusual sight of a small boy at rest. Had it not been, however, for a trivial circumstance this perambulating philosopher might have neglected a unique opportunity. As he was hesitating, a hook-and-ladder dashed down the adjacent street car tracks. The investigator was about to pursue with the enthusiasm of research when he paused, ready for flight. The small boy for a moment fixed an awakened eye on the exciting red of the disappearing fire-wagon, then returned to contemplation without an appreciable struggle. Recognizing the importance of this indication, the investigator approached strategically.

"Not going to the fire?"
The boy raised sad eyes, dim with inward debate. "No," he answered with bitterness, "I am not."
"Feeling sick?"
"Mentally," he replied, "I am."
The perambulating philosopher sat down suddenly on the door-steps beside him, quite willing to wait until the small boy was able to express his own bitterness.
"Women are—"
"The deuce, I agree with you," exclaimed the philosopher eagerly.
The boy looked at him with a sour smile. "Not all of them," he replied with a touching mental reservation in his eye. The philosopher agreed with chastened celerity. "You are right, not all of them."
"Since I was born," began the small boy, with the emphasis of grief, "my mother has

been at me to take off my hat to women. I don't know what good it does them; I'd like to see them take off their own hats."

"So should I. Think of the hat pins!" interjected the philosopher with unholy mirth.
"Till to-day I never did it; I didn't like to." His tones appealed for sympathy.

"Neither did I. I remember well the feeling of exposure, the shock to one's nerves."
"There was a lady, she shall be nameless, for whom I had a great regard. She made no secret of her attachment to me. To-day I mether. I thought to gratify her and took off my hat. She didn't see me. When I explained the circumstances to my mother, she said, 'Never mind, next time she will see you.' Next time!" exclaimed the small boy grinding his teeth. "I shall never take off my hat to a woman again."

The philosopher pressed his quivering hand with tears.

"Ah, my young friend," he said, his voice trembling with admiration and regret, "what a career lies before you! I envy you. This comes too late for me. Long ago I compromised myself, I bowed my neck to the yoke. I shall hear of you in after years."

And recollecting the exigencies of life and business the perambulating philosopher hurried down the street.

If You Love a Pretty Woman:

Don't be in haste to tell her so. On the other hand, don't be backward; she admires boldness.

Don't ask for a kiss; take one.

Don't call more than six or seven times a week; other fellows want a show, and she intends they shall have it.

Don't waste time and breath hinting at how much you are worth; she already knows that or you would not be there.

Don't call other women handsome; say good-looking, or passably so.

If you have conceit, leave it at home—anywhere; don't bring it with you; if you do, you will leave regretting that your anatomical construction prevents your kicking yourself.

Don't for a moment entertain the idea that she does not play and sing remarkably well; believe that she does; stick to it stoutly, valiantly, and you will have taken a step in advance.

Don't write your name opposite every dance and every walk on her programme; she may admire you—love you even—but she likes other fellows too.

Don't ask her if she would like to go to the opera; get your tickets and ask her when you shall call—she never refuses.

Don't be surprised if you discover that she has little conscience; rather consider yourself lucky in having found any.

And last, but not least, if you are poor and love a pretty woman, drown yourself. It's the easiest way out.

WILL WILD.

His Revenge.

When Scheffel was staying in Italy for the benefit of his health, he received from a friend in Germany an unstamped letter containing nothing but the following words: "I am quite well. Yours truly —." Annoyed at having to pay the double postage, the poet packed a boulder stone of enormous weight in a case, and despatched it to his friend without paying the carriage. The latter, in the belief that the package contained something of considerable value, willingly paid the high transport charge, and opened the case. His feelings on opening it may be better imagined than described. On a label affixed to the stone he read as follows: "On receipt of the news as to the state of your health, my heart was relieved of this load."—*Frauenzeitung*.

A Wearisome Task.

An addle-pated statistician has taken the trouble to work out the following calculations: A daily visitor to the Chicago Exhibition, devoting five minutes to the inspection of each article on view from the time of its opening in the morning to the hour when the gates are shut, would take twenty-two years in going through the whole of the exhibits. A fitting comment on the fabulous development of modern exhibitions.—*Schnittel and Spane*.

An Unmistakable Symptom.

(In the porter's lodge)—Your landlord has gone mad, I hear!

"Yes, ma'am, we took him off to Charenton yesterday."

"Who would have thought it! And how did you find out that he was wrong in his head?"

"There was no possible doubt whatever; he had lowered the rents all round!"—*Le Patriote*.

Her Ingenuity.

He was indistinctly conscious that the chrysanthemum on his coat matched her glorious tresses.

Yes, she would be his. He was not dreaming.

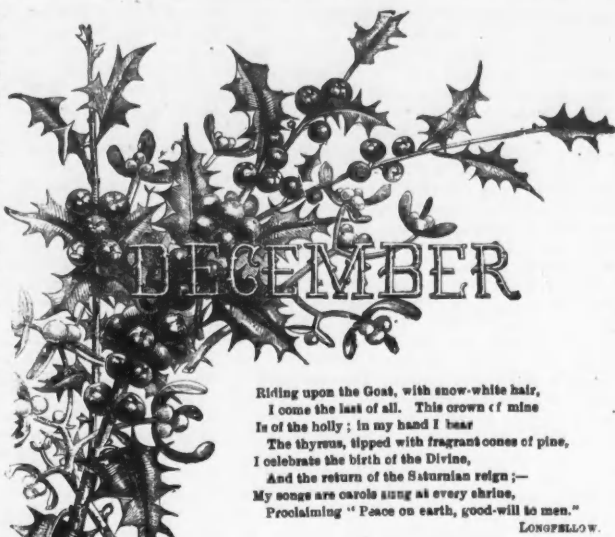
"Alfred," she whispered, timidly as he rose to go, "won't you leave me a token upon which I may look and remember our vows?"

With lowered glance she waited.

"Dearest," he rejoined, bending his head until his lips touched her brow: "on the morrow I will place upon thy finger a ring."

She smiled in sweet resignation.

"Very well," she said bravely; "I suppose a string will answer until then."



Riding upon the Goat, with snow-white hair,
I come the last of all. This crown of mine
Is of the holly; in my hand I bear
The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant cones of pine,
I celebrate the birth of the Divine,
And the return of the Saturnian reign;—
My songs are carols sung at every shrine,
Proclaiming "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
LONGFELLOW.

A Great Canal.

For Saturday Night.

Listen, all ye money makers, listen schemers, fakirs;
Listen, each and all having influence with the voters,
For in the scheme which I unfold there is a mine of gold,
There is health for the city and wealth for its promoters.

Listen, ye philanthropic who with patience philosophic
Labor for the common weal with zeal and generosity;
A scheme I have been planning about the seal of Manning,
None but giant intellects can grasp its ponderosity.

It would have a consequence so immediate and immense,
Language is inadequate, it lacks the power of telling,
With Vanderbilt disgraced and Yankee railroads busted,
In the ruins of Chicago bats and owls would make their dwelling.

Only think of our progession and the end of this depression,
For the boom which we should start would be a hummer,
Sure New York would dwindle down to a quiet country town,
Where the beauty, rank, and wealth could spend the summer.

It would Britain's backbone fracture, she would cease to manufacture,
And subject her idle fields to careful tillage,
With a fleeing population, trade and commerce in stagnation,
Mighty London would become a country village.

It must not be defeated, I shall see the scheme completed,
I'm really almost confident, in fact I'm sure I shall,
For of all the schemes proposed, not a single one disclosed
Is comparable in grandeur to this wonderful canal.

ROLAND.

In the Street Where I Live.

In the street where I live, at the end of the town,
There is never a rattle of wheels up and down;
But the lullaby music of rustling leaves,
And the chirrup of snug little birds in the eaves;
While the apples, that hang in the trees o'er the lawn,
Are as red as the sun when he leers through the dawn.

And the sunshine is filtering ever between
Old nature's own blending of orange and green;
For the leaves, in the clear autumn-time are as gay
As the drees of the little mice, over the way,
When she trips—with that charm that demureness can give—
To the little gray church in the street where I live.

There are eyes gray and tender, and eyes blue and sweet,
That look through the windows that face on my street;
And a pleasure there is, when the hours grow late,
In watching the lovers who hang o'er the gate,
And whisper such nothings as lovers will give,
In the shadows that fall in the street where I live.

In the street where I live—ah, "so many long years
Since I lived there in truth; and 'tis only through tears
I can see the old place. For the street it has grown
Till the highway is paved, and the houses are stone;
And the only in dreams, when the stars glimmer down,
That I live in the street at the end of the town.

—Charles Gordon Rogers in the Independent.

The Woman of the Future.

The Woman of the Future—Ah! Her record will be clean,
She'll not fool mankind with petticoats,
Nor trills, nor ornolines;
But pantaloons will gird her,
By gallsus secured,
And she'll smoke and grow some whiskers,
And her life will be insured.

The Woman of the Future—Her metempsychosis then
Shall bid Mother Earth of studs and
And apogaea for men
Promethean bolts she'll handle,
And will stay before the Lord,
All the bums who are too tired
(For) to work for bed and board.

Oh Woman of the Future! For thee the tailors wait,
Thou'lt wear 'em as we wear 'em,
And increase in fighting weight;
Thou'lt raise no need for Moloch,
Thou'lt make political bumps,
Thou'lt wrestle with the devil,
And chase him round the stump.

GEO. MUFFATT in Our Monthly.

The Freight Train.

How I love to watch the local
Winding up and down the hill
In the morning
When the autumn air is still,
And the smoke like incense rises
Fleets away above her back,
And to hear the chuka, chuka,
Chuka, chuka of the stack.

The man who rides these mountains,
Whose very steel of steel
Drinks at nature's flowing fountains,
Must inevitably feel
A divine and peerless pointer
Spread the scenes along the track,
While he hears the chuka, chuka,
Chuka, chuka of the stack.

In the solemn hush of midnight,
When his pilot ploughs the gloom,
From a hundred hills wild foam
Send their subtle sweet perfume
To the weary, weary watcher
Whose lamps light up the track,
And a hundred hills give back the
Chuka, chuka of the stack.

Oh! how I miss the music
Of the whistle and the bell,
And the drumming of the furnace,
More than any tongue can tell!
And the mighty, massive mogul
Always seems to call me back,
With her chuka, chuka, chuka,
Chuka, chuka of the stack.

—Cy. Warman in N. Y. World.

Between You and Me.

I THINK a good many of us, at all events those of us who wield the pen for a livelihood, will look back upon the past summer as a season of acquaintance making. We got to know various shining lights, whose writings now take on new interest, and of whom it has been necessary for us to form entirely new opinions. Not to mention those two antipodean extremes, Mr. Walter Besant and his sister-in-law (one of his things-in-law, as the funny man in *Scribner's* calls his relations by marriage), whom we have met here in our own city, there are numerous well known men and women with whom we have hob-nobbed in the West, and who have, like ourselves, returned to their homes and again settled down into the traces of weekly work. Mrs. Fenwick-Miller's woman's column—or rather, being an English column it is called a Ladies' Column—as one skims it over in the *London Illustrated News* seems twice as intelligible since one has felt the very firm grasp of the writer's large, well-cared-for hand. When she writes fashions one recalls her varying appearances in her handsome black gown of rich silk, with a delicate pale blue feather boa and a sweet English bonnet of forget-me-nots, as she made her gracious answer to the introduction to the woman's congress, or in a shirt-waist of blue cotton, with a hideous Eton jacket and skirt of blue serge, and a Mary Jane hat, whose ugliness beggars description, as she took her turn at saluting before the Countess of Aberdeen in the Canadian building. Never did a woman suffer from her gown as did the clever writer in the *London News* on that last occasion. Another, but a very different sort of woman, was Lucy Stone Blackwell, in her uncorseted rotundity of gray silk or decent black, who made many of us smile by the account she gave of her first Bloomer costume and the Boston small boys. She has gone to her home, too, but it is a home where costume doesn't seem to be a serious consideration. Susan B. Anthony has also been met and discreetly let alone by peaceable Canadian scribes. And various foreign dames, in seedy and ill-fitting gowns, but with a soul-fashions which captured me entirely, have told of their thoughts and troubles and travels in the far-off corners of Greece and Bohemia and Italy. Athens seems quite adjacent when I recall the earnest chatter of the bright Athenian edress who had such advanced views of woman's rights that her handsome husband ground his teeth in horror at her; and Paris and its prisons grow quite neighborly when sweet white-haired Madame Bogelot links her arm in mine, and walks up and down the Palmer House corridors with me; dear old Prague, with its wonderful quaint corners, and statues, and bridges, and chapels seems but a day's journey while I talk with the dearest, brightest little delegate of them all—the Bohemian—Josephine Zulmar. Denmark will never be strange again since a tall, blushing golden-haired Danish girl laughed with me over her speech in the congress on the Matrimonial Prospects of the Modern Young Woman. A baroness has asked me to her home in Stockholm, and Copenhagen holds a friend whose heart is as large as her shoe, and that is out of all proportion to beauty's rules. We who love people more than things have rich harvest in such a season as that just concluded, and for us it stands out brightly as a time of discovery, commemorating the discovery of our own land by delightful finds from every corner of the world.

The papers say a handsome young Brahmin is creating no end of excitement among females in the West, to whom he is teaching Theosophy. Two or three of them have written to him, informing him that they are led to become his wives, and giving him notice of their readiness to follow aforesaid leadings. If he has only two or three to dodge he will be lucky. Poor Paderewski has two or three score of worshippers, who do not aspire to his hand but prostrate themselves and kiss his coat-tails and his patent leather shoes. Even Oscar Wilde had his little court of feminine fools, and every handsome actor, or beetle-browed pugilist, or gallant soldier, or degraded murderer gets bouquets and notes and is sighed after by someone who should be soundly spanked or shaken. The handsome Brahmin has my sincerest sympathy, for the female of the West generally gets what she wants or makes someone suffer for her denial, and, unless in addition to his Theosophy he has the amazing power and adroitness of the Indian magician who bewildered us last summer, he will find himself being marched up the aisle to the strains of some Wagner or Mendelssohn wedding march before he knows where he is.

"Nothing to be thankful for?" cried a bright creature to a tired-out, over-worked person last week. "Well, aren't you thankful the cholera didn't come? Aren't you thankful we don't have Anarchists in the opera house? Aren't you thankful you don't live on Church street or in Hamilton? Aren't you thankful for any of these great blessings? Oh! yes, I guess you didn't think, did you?" And the over-tired person looked more tired than ever and allowed these were things to be thankful for, except that if the bright young creature wouldn't mind, he rather liked living in Hamilton. And the bright young person promptly recalled the last clause and said with a laugh, "Don't tell, but really I liked it myself once!"

It was in the hall of the Orphan Asylum. The mother, with quivering lips and yearning eyes, stood looking at her little five-year-old, who was newly admitted to the orphanage. In her arms she held a two-year-old, who was too young to be taken into the Home, and the elder child listened as she murmured, "Kiss sissie now, an' we'll be going." The five-year-old realized that she was to be left behind. Fright, amazement, remorselessness unloosed her baby tongue. "Oh, mama, I don't want to stay, you won't leave me here, who'll mind the baby when you're busy?" The mother's voice failed, she turned quickly away, but the matron said brightly, "I'm glad you're good at minding babies; there's a dozen in there want someone to look after 'em." The five-year-old shut her lips tight and peeped through the door. "Is here?" she said curiously. "Yes, go in and count 'em!" said the matron carelessly, and the five-year-old went

in. The mother slipped blindly out with tears falling on her baby's pink face, and in half an hour the new little Home girl was bossing her dozen juniors in a game of the kindergarten, and she has been too busy minding them ever since to miss her own little sister-child at home.

We are apt to think small potatoes of this world's possibilities and when the dearest ideal or loved one or good thing is lost, to say—like the baseball men—"Three out all out." But they aren't, and there are always a dozen things waiting to fill up the gap left by one. This is fact, not fancy, and facts are sure things to tie to, and something like this I thought as I took in the episode of the little Home girl.

LADY GAY.

Adventure with a Canadian Lynx.

The species of wildcat known as the "Canadian Lynx" is one of the most dangerous of the feline tribe, and, in the pioneer days of Western Ontario, was the most dreaded of all the denizens of the Canadian forest. Even at this late day, when thickly wooded glades have given place to cultivated fields, there is an occasional lynx to be found in the backwoods, but the animal is rapidly becoming extinct.

In the fall of 1870 when all the glories of a beautiful Indian summer were beautifying the earth, and the crimson and gold leaves of the maple spread a variegated carpet upon the sward, I had a memorable encounter with a lynx, which at that time were sufficiently numerous and aggressive to render it dangerous to be abroad after nightfall. I was then about ten years of age, sturdy and well built for my age, as became the son of a settler, and was accustomed to "roughing it" from my infancy.

I had been sent to the nearest neighbor's, some two miles distant over a corduroy road, upon some trifling errand, and, in playing with the neighbor's boys, had not noticed the approach of night until the sun was beneath the horizon. Then I suddenly realized that it was high time for me to be home, and I hurriedly said good-night and started upon my lonesome homeward walk. But I walked very little. Visions of lynx and darkness frightened me into a lively trot, and being barefooted I made pretty good time. Once I emerged from the heavy forest that lined each side of the way I would feel comparatively safe, for I would then have the clearing on my father's farm along one side.

When a few yards from the clearing I heard an ominous cracking of branches above me just a few feet in advance. I knew only too well what that meant and sprang forward in wild terror. A minute later and I heard something drop heavily to the road, and glancing fearfully over my shoulder my worst fears proved only too true. A huge lynx, even as I looked, had sprung forward after me over the rough logs and as we burst into the struggling moonlight of the clearing I could see his short ears, long, lank form and strong legs bounding clumsily after me. I gave myself up for lost, my bosom was bursting with fright and breathlessness, when a thought came to me as if by inspiration. I remembered that over in the plowed field to my right there stood a log barn with a deep cellar, in which roots were stored in the winter. If I could only reach it first I would be safe. Acting upon the impulse, I sprang lightly over the rail fence, just as the lynx was almost upon me, and ran swiftly down a furrow towards the barn. My sudden change of route somewhat disconcerted Mr. Cat; but for a moment only. He leaped the fence at a bound and started across the plowed ground after me. I had gained a little on him, however, and as I was running in a furrow where the ground was hard, I had the advantage of the lynx, who was floundering along over the soft, tilled soil.

I reached the welcome shelter of the barn first, but none too soon. I ran to where a trap door in the floor led down a few steps to the cellar, and, hastily raising it, had just time to go down and pull it after me, when the lynx bounded in at the open door. It paused a moment, doubtless wondering where I had disappeared to, and began to sniff about on the floor, endeavoring to trace me. Its sense of smell was infallible, and led it directly to the trap door. It gave a low growl of delight, and proceeded savagely to try and scratch up the door. Its instinct told it that I was in hiding underneath, and it required all my strength upon a short rope fastened upon the under side of the trap door to prevent its tear-

ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



XIX.—Princess Augusta of Bavaria and Archduke Joseph Augustus of Hungary. Married last week at Munich.

ing up the somewhat loose door and wreaking its baffled rage upon me. It whined and growled in a low, vindictive manner that fairly froze my young blood, but after a time it gradually became quiet, until I was hardly sure whether it had gone away or not.

It was not a pleasant prospect to think of spending the entire night there in the cellar kept prisoner by a lynx, but there seemed no way out of it. The continued quietness above my head encouraged me in the idea that it had given up the chase and gone back to its forest haunts. As the hope of escape grew upon me I resolved to lift the door just a little way and take a peep, and if I found the coast clear make a bolt for home. So slowly, gently, cautiously, I began to raise the door, and seeing nothing to alarm me raised it up several inches. But I had been too confident. A rush of hot breath was upon my cheek, and a lithe paw shot quickly through the narrow opening, and I felt several sharp claws clutch and embed themselves firmly in the shoulder of my strong, homespun coat. As quickly as possible I drew the trap door shut again upon the lynx's leg, and pulling down on the rope, squeezed the imprisoned paw with all my might. How that cat did howl and snarl and gnaw; and I chuckled to think he could not get away, for his claws were firmly entangled in the strong fabric of my coat. But we each had an elephant on our hands. I could not leave the lynx and the lynx could not get away from me. We would both have been willing then to say "good-night" and separate, but we were helpless. The animal struggled vainly for a while to free itself, and my arms ached from the position in which I had to stand and the continued strain upon my muscles, and the tension of my mind when I thought of my situation was terrible. But at last the lynx grew tired of struggling, and sat quietly down with an occasional low whine or savage snarl when I squeezed its leg harder than usual in my efforts to find an easier position.

The awful possibility that I might have to sit there till I starved to death appalled me, but calmer thoughts told me that my father would search for me and inevitably look in the barn. They might even be searching for me now. Hark! What was that? A whistle! Yes, the notes of "Annie Laurie" in my father's well known whistle came floating over the still air, and I knew that he must be going to the neighbor's to see if I had remained there all night, as I sometimes did. Nearer and nearer

it came, and then I began to call him and yell as loudly as I could. This alarmed my companion the lynx, and it also began to yell and howl and snarl, until between us we raised a perfect bedlam in the quiet night.

Such a racket coming from the old barn at that hour of the night would have caused many a man to take to his heels, but my father was a sensible man and not superstitious, and, moreover, he recognized my voice, and, I may venture, the animal's also. He had a lantern and gun with him, as a matter of protection, and as he came into the barn a glance and my voice told him how matters stood. Setting his lantern down and lying flat upon the floor himself, so that the shot would not pass through the trap door, he put that cat out of its misery in no time, and, incidentally, myself also.

And considering what might have happened, I have reason to remember my boyish adventure with a Canadian lynx.

SEAFORTH.

R. J. DUNSMORE.

The Other Side of the Street.

IT'S funny how different the other side of the street is from this side. Sometimes the houses are finer, the pavements better, nicer people live across the street.

But when we live there ourselves, why then the other side is rather low, and we, in slang parlance, have no use for it. It takes us such a short time to forget that we lived on the other side, and we no sooner give up looking longingly across than we look over with a sort of gentle sadness on the unfortunate denizens of the common houses opposite. They really ought to be pulled down, you know—such a disgrace to the street—and we wonder what the landlord is thinking of to keep such apologies for houses standing. We shouldn't worry, for you know it is just possible that if they were rebuilt we might be on the wrong side of the street, and that wouldn't be pleasant. Strange that a contrast of this kind goes such a long way towards making us happy, but we do not seem to be perfectly happy unless we are better off than somebody else. Of course we do not admit this, for we are sure that we don't rejoice in anyone's poverty, whatever you may do; but all the same it makes a difference, and we feel far more comfortable when we are just a little better off than the folks across the way.

Out in the country, when the mud is ankle-deep, the path on the other side of the road is always cleaner than the one we are walking in, and we want

badly to get over to it. After we have, by dint of great effort and an extensive use of quotations from profane writers, got into and over the mud, it is just the same thing, only we kick ourselves for crossing and wonder if there is really another fool quite as big as we are. I speak in the plural number, because I don't like to be personal; it hurts my feelings. Then there are women and hens, particularly hens. They always want to cross the street, especially if there is anything in sight that might run over them. Women, that is, some women, take a delight (hens would if they were big enough) in crossing just in front of a rig driven by a male man, making him pull up short and take the risk of smashing his reputation for piety into smithereens by the use of various profane, under-the-breath ejaculations which are really necessary under the circumstances.

"On the other side of the street" is a great place, especially when you live there and can't find it. "Just across-e-street" is a very definite answer to the cop, who is willing to put you in the way of getting home instead of calling the patrol. He does not live in this city, but if he did he would find some difficulty in locating the precise locality designated, particularly if he met you in Tannery Hollow or the subway. Some fellows are never in this condition, but—well, those who have been there know how it is.

If you are unfortunate enough to live just across the street from your best girl you get into all sorts of scrapes in consequence. She knows every time you go out and of course you don't always go to see her. She wouldn't want you if you did; still, girls are such unreasonable creatures, that every time this happens you catch fits, all on account of living on the other side of the street. If you were on the same side she couldn't see you, and this applies to lots of other things. It is the man across the street who is rough to his wife and children, and is a miserable sort of a fellow in consequence. If we lived next door we would hear the provocation and make allowances for him, as we do for ourselves under similar circumstances; while if he were on some other street he would be a jolly good fellow and all sorts of a nice man. It does not do to be near your shrine too constantly, and I would advise all young men to fight against all temptations of bright eyes across the street. Girls should be just as careful, and should positively not have a friend (male) or a "dear friend" (female) just opposite.

Talking of best girls "reminds me" of one I went to see one evening. She wasn't mine, but I thought she was, and that amounted to the same thing, until she married the other fellow, as they usually do in my case. But I went to see her. She lived just out of town. There were no sidewalks and the night was dark, and of course I was on the wrong side of the street. She was on the other, and the mud lay thick between. My boots wore that peculiarly bright yet placid look that only results from frequent polishing, and I wanted her to see them in all their effulgence. Should I cross or go home? I crossed, and bore the evidences of my decision into the presence of two smiling nonentities (they are always smiling nonentities in such cases) who had known enough to wear rubbers. Then I wished I hadn't. "Oh, why left I my home, why did I cross?" etc. But 'tis ever thus; we are not content with this side, unless we are priests or Levites, and not many of us have strength of mind to pass by on the other side. I often think of the trouble those two saved themselves by the subjugation of their curiosity, and envy them their strength of mind. Of course, I try to emulate them, but my curiosity, like the Samaritan, gets the better of me and I cross over. Some people point to this action of the Samaritan with pride, and I have heard it used as a text for a sermon and alluded to as a beautiful trait of character, but it was only curiosity. He wanted to see what was the matter with the man, so that he could talk about it. Perhaps he was a reporter, and wanted a scoop; anyway, he got himself into trouble and expense as well, for he couldn't leave the poor duffer in a hole like that even if he had been out with the boys and got cleaned out. Any one of us would have helped him in the same way, if we had only been curious and taken the time.

That's the trouble, we don't care what becomes of those on the other side of the street. It is rather low, unless we are missionaries, to be interested in other people's concerns, and besides, we haven't time. It's hustle or get left nowadays, and naturally we hustle, for the man who gets left is a poor sort of fellow and always lives on the wrong side of the street. I wonder if the time will ever come when this terrible rush and drive will be over, when there won't be any "other side of the street," or if there should be, those of us who live on the best side will forget all about the difference and act as though all men were born free and equal, and any man's or woman's best is the best there is.

We men are too much inclined to put women on the other side of the street, simply because they are women. And yet women and hens are considerably alike, as far as crossing the street is concerned.

With all of us the other side of the street is not this side, nor would we like it if it were. This, of course, is Irish, but most of us understand Irish. We are ever trying to get across. Sometimes we succeed and feel that we are really over, but oftener the street seems turned around and the side we left is still the other side to us. It's a good thing to want to get over into something better, and I hope we'll always keep on trying. Only don't let us look across disdainfully, or with an anxious eye. Either feeling is bad for us, and while they last we are not likely to reach the realization that it is all one street and must have its other side.

BEN.

The Pioneer of the Pacific.

The first steamer to plough the waters of the Pacific, the paddle wheel Beaver, was built in England for the Hudson's Bay Company in 1835, and made her way via Cape Horn to the Columbia (then the Oregon) river shortly afterwards. She was used in every part of British Columbia's vast waterways for more than half a century, and was wrecked close to Vancouver City not long ago. The citizens of that portion of the Dominion look upon the old vessel with affection; and it is on record that the natives, when she first appeared, ran away into the bush, to escape the "Devil's big fire canoe."



The Beaver, the First Steamer of the Pacific Ocean.

The Man Who Would Manage

The Boy We All Know—The Man We All Know—Who Minds Everybody's Business While Neglecting His Own.

It has been told me, by those in a position to know, and I can easily believe it, that at nineteen months of age he wept because his grandmother would not allow him to feed her with a spoon; and that at three and a half he was fished, in an exhausted condition, out of the water-butt, whither he had climbed for the purpose of teaching a frog how to swim.

Two years later he got his left eye permanently injured, showing the cat how to carry kittens without hurting them; and about the same period was dangerously stung by a bee while conveying it from a flower where, as it seemed to him, it was only wasting its time, to one more rich in honey-making properties.

His desire was always to help others. He would spend whole mornings explaining to elderly hens how to hatch eggs, and give up an afternoon blackberrying in order to sit at home and crack nuts for his pet squirrel. Before he was seven he would argue with his mother upon the management of children, and reprove his father for the way he was bringing him up.

As a child nothing afforded him greater delight than "minding" other children—or them less. He would take this harassing duty upon himself entirely of his own accord, and without hope of reward or gratitude. It was immaterial to him whether the other children were older than himself or younger, stronger or weaker; whenever and wherever he found them he set to work to "mind" them. Once, during a school treat, piteous cries were heard coming from a distant part of the wood, and, upon search being made, he was discovered prone upon the ground, with a cousin of his, a boy twice his own weight, sitting upon him and steadily whacking him. Having rescued him, the teacher said:

"Why didn't you keep with the little boys? What were you doing along with him?"

"Please, sir," he answered, "I was minding him."

He would have "minded" Noah if he had got hold of him.

He was a good-natured lad, and at school he was always willing for the whole class to copy from his slate; indeed, he would urge them to do so. He meant it kindly, but inasmuch as his answers were invariably quite wrong—with a distinctive and inimitable wrongness, peculiar to himself—the result to his followers, from a labor-saving point of view, proved eminently unsatisfactory, and with the shallowness of youth that, ignoring motives, judges by results, they would wait for him outside and punch him.

All his energies went to the instruction of others, leaving none for his own purposes. He would take callow youths to his chambers and teach them to box.

"Now try and hit me on the nose," he would say, standing before them in an attitude of defence, "don't be afraid. Hit as hard as ever you can."

Then they would hit him; and, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise, and a little lessened the bleeding, he would explain to them how they had done it all wrong, and how easily he could have stopped the blow if they had only hit him properly.

Twice at golf he lamed himself for over a week, showing a novice how to "drive," and at cricket on one occasion I remember seeing his middle stump go down like a nine-pin just as he was in the very midst of explaining to the bowler how to get his balls in straight. After which he had a long argument with the umpire as to whether he was in or out.

He has been known during a stormy channel passage to rush excitedly upon the bridge in order to inform the captain that he had "just seen a light about two miles away to the left," and if he is on top of an omnibus he generally sits beside the driver and points out to him the various obstacles likely to impede their progress.

It was in a bus that my own personal acquaintanceship with him began. I was sitting behind two young ladies when the conductor came up to collect fares. One of them handed him a sixpence, telling him to take them to Piccadilly Circus—which was two pence.

"No," said the other lady to her friend, handing the man a shilling, "I owe you sixpence; you give me fourpence and I'll pay for the two."

The conductor took the shilling, punched two twopenny tickets, and then stood trying to think it out.

"That's right," said the lady who had spoken last; "give my friend fourpence"—the conductor did so—"Now you give that fourpence to me"—the friend handed it to her—"and you," she concluded to the conductor, "give me eightpence. Then we shall be all right."

The conductor doled out to her the eightpence—the sixpence he had taken from the first lady with a penny and two ha'pennies out of his own bag—distrustfully, and retired muttering something about his duties not including those of a lightning calculator.

"Now," said the elder lady to the younger, "I owe you a shilling."

I deemed the incident closed, when suddenly a florid gentleman on the opposite seat called out in stentorian tones:

"Hi! Conductor, you've cheated these ladies out of fourpence."

"Oo's cheated 'oo out o' fourpence?" replied the indignant conductor from the top of the step; "It was a twopenny fare."

"Two tuppences don't make eightpence," retorted the florid gentleman hotly. "How much did you give the fellow?" he asked, addressing the first of the young ladies.

"I gave him sixpence," replied the lady, examining her purse; "and then I gave you fourpence, you know," she added, addressing her companion.

"That's a dear two pen'oth," chimed in a common-looking man on the seat behind.

"Oh, that's impossible, dear," returned the other, "because I owed you sixpence to begin with."

"But I did," persisted the first lady.

"You gave me a shilling," said the con-

ductor, who had returned, pointing an accusing forefinger at the elder of the ladies.

The elder lady nodded.

"And I gave you sixpence and two pennies didn't I?"

The lady admitted it.

"An' I give 'er" (pointing towards the younger lady) "fourpence, didn't I?"

"Which I gave you, you know, dear, remarked the younger lady.

"Blow me, if it ain't me as 'as been cheated out of the fourpence," cried the conductor.

"But," said the florid gentleman, "the other lady gave you sixpence."

"Which I gave to 'er," replied the conductor, again pointing the finger of accusation at the elder lady; "you can search my bag if yer like. I ain't got a bloomin' sixpence on me."

By this time everybody had forgotten what they had done, and contradicted themselves and one another. The florid man took it upon himself to put everybody right, with the result that before Piccadilly Circus was reached three passengers had threatened to report the conductor for unbecoming language; the conductor had called a policeman and taken the names and addresses of the two ladies, intending to sue them for the fourpence (which they wanted to pay, but which the florid man would not allow them to do); the younger lady had become convinced that the elder lady had meant to cheat her, and the elder lady was in tears.

The florid gentleman and myself continued in the bus to Charing Cross station. At the booking office window it transpired that we were bound for the same suburb, and we journeyed down together. He talked about the fourpence all the way.

At my gate we shook hands and he was good enough to express delight at the discovery that we were near neighbors. What attracted him to myself I failed to understand, for he had bored me considerably, and I had to the best of my ability snubbed him. Subsequently I learned that it was a peculiarity of his to be charmed with anyone who did not openly insult him.

Three days afterwards he burst into my study unannounced—he appeared to regard himself as my bosom friend—and asked me to forgive him for not having called sooner, which I did.

"I met the postman as I was coming along," he said, handing me a blue envelope, "and he gave me this for you."

I saw it was an application for the water rate.

"We must make a stand against this," he continued. "That's for water to September 29. You're no right to pay it in June."

I replied to the effect that water rates had to be paid, and that it seemed to me immaterial whether they were paid in June or September.

"That's not it," he answered. "It's the principle of the thing. Why should you pay for water you never had? What right have they to bully you into paying what you don't owe?"

He was a fluent talker, and I was as much to listen to him. By the end of half an hour he had persuaded me that the question was bound up with the inalienable rights of man, and that if I paid that fourteen and twopenny in June instead of in September, I should be unworthy of the privileges my forefathers had fought and died to bestow upon me.

He told me the company had not a leg to stand upon, and, at his instigation, I sat down and wrote an insulting letter to the chairman. The secretary replied that, having regard to the attitude I had taken up, it would be incumbent on themselves to treat it as a test case, and presumed that my solicitors would accept service on my behalf.

When I showed him this letter he was delighted.

"You leave it to me," he said, pocketing the correspondence, "and we'll teach them a lesson."

I left it to him. My only excuse is that at the time I was immersed in the writing of a farcical comedy. What little sense I possessed, I suppose, have been absorbed by the play.

The magistrate's decision somewhat dampened my ardor, but only inflamed his zeal. Magistrates, he said, were muddle-headed old fogies. This was a matter for a judge.

The judge was a kindly old gentleman, and said that, bearing in mind the unsatisfactory wording of the sub-clause, he did not think he could allow the company their costs; so that, all told, I got off for something under £50—exclusive of the original fourteen and twopenny.

Afterwards our friendship waned; but, living as we did in the same outlying suburb, I was bound to see a good deal of him and hear more.

At parties of all kinds he was particularly prominent, and on such occasions, being in his most good-natured mood, was most to be dreaded. No human being could have worked harder for the enjoyment of others, or have produced more universal wretchedness.

One Christmas afternoon, calling upon a friend, I found some fourteen or fifteen elderly ladies and gentlemen trotting solemnly round a row of chairs in the center of the drawing-room, while Poppiton played the piano. Every now and then Poppiton would suddenly cease, and everyone would drop wearily into the nearest chair, evidently glad of a rest—all but one, who would thereupon creep quietly away, followed by the envious looks of those left behind. I stood by the door watching the weird scene. Presently an escaped player came towards me, and I enquired of him what the ceremony was supposed to signify.

"Don't ask me," he answered grumpily, "some of Poppiton's tomfoolery." Then he added savagely: "We've got to play forfeits after this."

The servant was still waiting a favorable opportunity to announce me. I gave her a shilling not to, and got away unperceived.

After a satisfactory dinner, he would suggest an impromptu dance, and want you to roll up mats, or help him move the piano to the

other end of the room.

He knew enough round games to have started a small purgatory. Just as you were in the middle of an interesting discussion or a delightful *tele a-tete* with a pretty woman, he would swoop down upon you with:

"Come along, we're going to play literary consequences," and, dragging you to the table and putting a piece of paper and a pencil before you, would tell you to write a description of your favorite heroine in fiction, and would see that you did it.

He never spared himself. It was always he who would volunteer to escort the ladies to the station, and who would never leave them until he had seen them safely into the wrong train; it was he who would play "wild beasts" with the children and frighten them into fits that would last all night.

So far as intention went he was the kindest man alive. He never visited poor sick persons without taking with him in his pocket some little delicacy calculated to disagree with them and make them worse. He arranged yachting excursions for bad sailors entirely at his own expense, and seemed to regard their subsequent agonies as ingratitude.

He loved to manage a wedding. Once he planned matters so that the bride arrived at the altar three-quarters of an hour before the groom, which led to unpleasantness upon a day that should have been filled only with joy; and once he forgot the clergyman. But he was always ready to admit when he made a mistake.

At funerals, also, he was to the fore, pointing out to the grief-stricken relatives how much better it was for all concerned that the corpse was dead, and expressing a pious hope that they would soon join it.

The chiefest delight of his life, however, was to be mixed up in other people's domestic quarrels. No domestic quarrel for miles around was complete without him. He generally came in as mediator and finished as leading witness for the appellant.

As a journalist or politician his wonderful grasp of other people's business would probably have won for him esteem and love. The error he made was working it out in practice.—*Jerome K. Jerome in Detroit Free Press.*

Are Scotsmen Void of Humor?

What are the facts? The most cursory or superficial study of British literature will show that a very fair proportion of the humorous works of the past has been the product of Scottish brains, and the writer has yet to learn that Ramsay, Ferguson, Burns, Scott, Hogg and Wilson were deficient in native wit. Besides, it is a patent fact that some of the brightest and wittiest literary productions of the present day are turned out by the "London Scottish Brigade," for no one will surely venture to say that Robert Louis Stevenson, Andrew Lang, J. M. Barrie and Robert Buchanan—to mention no others—are mere sentimental dullards, incapable of humor and unable to appreciate or perpetrate a joke.

The novels, too, of William Black, Charles Gibbon and George MacDonald contain funds of quiet humor; and John Galt—a Scottish novelist now undeservedly forgotten—has portrayed the pawk nature of the jovial Scot in a series of inimitable pictures. Indeed, the writer is inclined to believe that the Scottish nation is light-hearted and far from being composed, as is often represented, of sour-visaged Covenanters who think a joke a device of the Evil One.

The comic journals of the Metropolis are often indebted to the people of the North for some of their most pointed witticisms, a fact that should go far to discount the worth of the ancient anecdote about the surgical operation.

Dean Ramsay's book of Scottish anecdotes is one of the most amusing and instructive of volumes. The Dean, perhaps, claims more for Scotland than is warranted; but doubtless, if the history of original jokes were written, it would be found that a considerable number had their birth in the "Land o' Cakes."

It must be confessed that, at first sight, the configuration of Scotland does not lend itself to the theory that the Scotch are a humorous people. Climate and temperature have a great deal to do with the formation of a nation's character, but the Scotch seem to belie the theory that a rugged country necessarily breeds a stern and dull people, for amid the rains and mists of their native mountains and valleys they nurture both prose and poetry in their own quiet vernacular. Scotch humor can never become universally popular, however, because the peculiar dialect precludes its acceptance or appreciation among the many people who cannot overcome the difficulties of the tongue in which Burns sang.

Not Quite Wide-Awake Enough.

A young gentleman who was very fond of displaying his watch and guard, and who had, moreover, a passion for attending theaters and other places of amusement, was once thus admonished by his father:

"John, my son, let me give you a bit of advice. As you are so fond of attending the theaters, let me request you not to display your watch and guard so conspicuously, or you will assuredly have ere long to mourn the loss of them."

Now John, who thought himself too sharp for that, replied: "No fear, father; I am much too wide-awake for that."

A few evenings after this the father wished to accompany his son to the theater, greatly to John's delight. Having got safely inside and taken their seats, the father said:

"Are your watch and chain all right, John?"

"Of course," replied John, laughing. At the same time he felt in his pocket; but immediately his expression changed, and looking sheepishly at his father, he stammered out:

"It's gone!"

"Why," said his father, laughing in turn, "I thought you were much too wide-awake for that; but I shall surprise you when I tell you that I took it, to prove to you how easy it is for a man to rob you of it in a crowd."

"You, father?"

"Yes, John; I bought these scissors, commonly used for such a purpose, and (still laughing) transferred the watch from your pocket to mine; and see, here it is." With this he put

his hand into his pocket. He suddenly, however, ceased laughing, and, looking as sheepish as John had done before, stammered: "John wh—wh—why, John, yours and mi—mine are both gone! Someone has evidently been more wide-awake than both of us."

Meeting Trouble Half-Way.

Mademoiselle Lilli, a young lady of six summers, questions her mother: "Say, mamma, when I'm grown up, shall I have a husband like Aunt Naomi?"

"Why, certainly, my dear."

"Ah! and if I remain single, shall I be like Aunt Pulcheria?"

"Of course, darling."

After thinking it over a while, Mile. Lilli heaves a sigh: "How sad is the lot in life of us poor women!"—*La Lanterne.*

The Right Man for the Post.

A poor fellow applied to the manager of a financial company for an appointment on the staff.

"What can you do?" enquired the manager. No reply.

"Come, why don't you answer?"

"I am deaf, sir," the applicant muttered in a timid sort of way.

"Deaf! Why, you are just the man I want; I have a vacancy that will exactly suit you. You may start to-morrow, in the enquiry office."—*Le Petit Parisien.*

Helpless and Hopeless.

Two Years of the Most Intense Suffering

Mrs. John W. Cope, of Port Stanley, Suffered from Malarial Fever Followed by Ulcers—Her Friends Despaired of Her Recovery—A Cure Found After Doctors Declared there was no hope.

From the St. Thomas Journal.

One of the happiest couples in the county of Elgin are Mr. and Mrs. John W. Cope, who live in the house at the tollgate, on the London and Port Stanley road. The cause of their joint happiness is that Mrs. Cope, who for three years past has been a great sufferer, and whose recovery was not believed to be possible, has been completely cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, after a number of physicians and many remedies had failed. The many reports of the marvelous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in different places are so well authenticated as to leave no doubt as to the absolute truth of them. If, however, further proof is wanted it is afforded by the wonderful, almost miraculous cure of Mrs. Margaret Cope. Hearing of this remarkable case a *Journal* representative was detailed to investigate it. The lady who is sixty-four years of age, was found engaged in her housework, evidently as well as she had ever been and as active as many women not half her age.

"Yes, I was completely cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Mrs. Cope in reply to the reporter's query, "and I will be pleased to give you all the facts in regard to my case. In the hope that it may be the means of inducing some other sufferer to try these wonderful Pink Pills and find relief. In August or September, 1890, when we were living in Tilsonburg, I was taken ill with malarial fever. After I recovered from the fever my limbs began to swell. They continued to swell for nearly a year. Two years ago red, sore spots, the size of a big penny, broke out on each ankle. A Tilsonburg physician was called in and attended me for more than three months, but I grew worse and worse. These spots stung and burned and caused me the most intense pain. He finally told me that nothing could be done for me as my age was against me, and that I could not live long. Then I tried medicines given me by a Tilsonburg druggist, but to no avail. A year ago last fall we moved to the tollgate here. The sore kept growing more and more painful and kept getting larger. I tried everything that anyone recommended, but nothing did me any good, and everyone who saw me was of the opinion that I could not get better. A physician, formerly practicing at Port Stanley, was then called in and treated me for about four months. He said he had never seen anything like my case in the whole course of his practice, and said the sores were ulcers. At this time the sores formed a complete ring around my ankle and up the leg for about four inches. The effusion from the sores was like water, and three or four heavy cloths rolled around them would soon get wet, and the water would run down into my slippers. The burning, stinging and twitching was sometimes unbearable and I could not sleep at night from the intense pain, and could keep the sores from my limbs because of the burning sensation. The longer the physician attended me the worse I seemed to become. Then my son sent for another doctor. He did not say what was the matter, but that I could not be cured. At this time my husband strongly urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although utterly discouraged I began taking them in November, 1892. After I had taken four boxes the stinging pains in the sores began to stop and the effusion of water ceased. I continued taking the Pink Pills until I had taken twelve boxes, and, as you see, I am entirely cured. I have not taken any Pills since last April and my health was never better than it is now. I can stand work better than I could for years before I was taken ill, and feel like a new woman. I went down to Tilsonburg on a visit recently and my children and old friends and neighbors could hardly credit that I was cured, but it is a joyful fact nevertheless."

Mr. Cope was present during the interview with his wife and said: "I know that every word my wife has said is true, and both of us are prepared to make affidavit to its truth at any time. She suffered so much with the sores that I thought she would go crazy, and had little hope that she would ever be cured. You may be certain that we are profoundly grateful for this wonderful remedy, and that we never lose an opportunity to say a good word for it. It has brought my wife health and strength after everything else had failed, and we have reason to be deeply thankful."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as acrofolia, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in bottles of one dollar and a half, and in wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.



A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

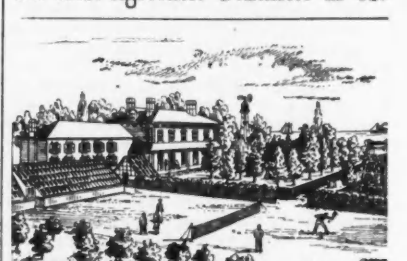
For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J.C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste
Whitens the TEETH and Sweetens the Breath
The Most Agreeable Dentifrice in Use



LAKEHURST SANITARIUM
For the treatment of Inebriety, Opium Habit and Nervous Diseases. Double Chloride of Gold System. The best equipped and most delightfully situated health resort within 100 miles of Toronto. Complete privacy if desired. Lake houses. For full information apply Room 35, Bank of Commerce Chambers, Toronto, or The Medical Superintendent, Oakville, Ont.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALICE cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

JAMES EWING
Livery and Boarding Stables
Hacks and Cabs in connection. Open day and night.
331 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Telephone 1378.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co. (Limited) MONTREAL
MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS AND THE WELL-KNOWN BRAND

Redpath
OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY
Made by the Latest Processes, and Nearest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR
In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

"CROWN" Granulated
Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED
Very Superior Quality.

CREAM SUGARS
(Not dried).

YELLOW SUGARS
Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS
Of all Grades, in Barrels and Half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS
Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 5 lbs. each.

BENNETT & WRIGHT



Gas, Electric and Combination Fixtures.

72 Queen St. East, Toronto

PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

A Pain of Glass.

"I am very sorry, Fred. I had got to like the girl very much, and she has been very faithful to her duties and a good saleswoman, and all that, but I cannot permit this pilfering to go on; it will lead to something worse before long. I think the best way to save her feelings will be just to tell her at the end of the week that we don't require her services any longer, and in that way get quietly rid of her without any direct accusation. You know we took her solely on her own recommendation, without asking for any references—in fact, I'll do her the justice to admit that she frankly told us she could not furnish any, being a stranger in the place. But this stealing has been going on for a month now, and as far as we know or can find out she is the first one here in the morning, and is here alone long enough to give her an opportunity to help herself. Another thing I have noticed, and that is that she has had several little trinkets lately, which seem to me decidedly more extravagant than a girl with her means could afford to indulge in, unless she has come by them through such means as I begin to fear she is guilty of."

Fred bit his lip and was silent. It would not have helped the case at all for him to have told his father just then that he knew the source whence she had derived those little gifts, which he had contrived to convey to her in such a way that she would not be able to detect the giver and so return them, and which it had afforded him such delight to see her wear, little dreaming at the time that they would only serve as an additional means of strengthening suspicion against her.

He had been only waiting a favorable opportunity to speak to her of his feelings and assure himself of her sentiments, before telling his father of the hopes he had been cherishing; but before that opportunity arrived this unexpected trouble and threatened disgrace had cast a shadow over the fair name of the girl he secretly loved.

"I'll stake my life, father, that she hasn't a trinket about her but what is honestly come by," he exclaimed, after a moment's embarrassed silence, "and that she is a thoroughly honest and trustworthy girl. Don't discharge her this week, father. Give her—give me one week more and let me see if I cannot discover the thief. I promise that if I find it is indeed she, I will not try to shield her. But let me have that much time to try and discover the real culprit."

"I don't see how you are going to do it," replied Mr. Adams, looking around the apartment. "There is no way that I can see but of getting here ahead of the thief, whoever it is, and, of course, the money will not be taken with you looking on, and there is no way for you to conceal yourself in the room here. You know I have been accustomed to leave money in that drawer, for the convenience of giving change if it should be needed before I get down in the morning, and nobody knows but you that I am in the habit of counting it every night before leaving, and that for the last month it has not balanced with the cashier's account, but constantly shows a deficiency. It must be taken in the morning, before we get here, and Miss Allen is, as she has said herself, the first one here; indeed, she has a key of her own, so that she can get in as early as she pleases."

Fred's eyes had been roving around the room while his father was speaking. There was, as he said, no possible chance for his concealing himself anywhere in the room without making the fact of that concealment evident, and thus defeating his purpose; but as he glanced over at the desk, which stood at the opposite side of the room, near the window, and in one drawer of which was kept the money for such miscellaneous expenses as postage, telegrams, and other incidental small expenditure, and from which sums that could not be accounted for had been missing for a month past, his face lightened. The window faced another window of a large building, the side of which was separated only by a narrow court, and which was for the time vacant, and a suggestion occurred to him, which he seized upon at once.

"I'll admit it does look black against her, father," he said, "but I believe I can find a way in a week's time either to vindicate her or prove that your suspicions are just, though I believe that it will vindicate her. Just let me have one more week, and if I don't discover the culprit by that time I will make no further plea."

"All right, my boy," said Mr. Adams, smiling, and perhaps not altogether without an intuition as to the cause of his son's earnestness, "I can stand the loss of a few pounds more, I guess. Find the culprit, and you may name your own reward."

"I don't desire any reward," replied Fred. But his troubled face told another story, and one that his father was not slow to detect.

Not only Margery Allen, but the three other girls in the employ of Mr. Adams' photographic establishment, missed the frank, bright smile and pleasant word with which his son had been wont to greet them, and into Margery's pretty eyes crept a look of hurt surprise, mingled with a deeper feeling, that went to Fred's very heart. But he maintained his demeanor unshakenly, meanwhile, however, studying each face and not of the girls with a scrutiny he had never bestowed upon them before, and by night he had pretty well settled in his own mind as to the culprit, but to make that suspicion a certainty was the task that remained.

If any of the girls, in passing near the window where the desk stood, had chanced to glance at the building opposite, they might have noticed that it had been provided with a shade, with the exception of one pane of glass, where the shade had been cut away. But they either did not notice it or did not think it of sufficient consequence to mention it if they did, and the day's work went on as usual, except that Margery remarked to herself, with a little faster beating of the heart, that it was the first day since her finding the employment that had been to her such a boon that Fred's eyes had failed to meet hers with an encouraging or friendly smile, in which, of late, she had imagined she could detect a warmer sentiment.

The next morning the girls were at their work as usual when Mr. Adams and his son

DR. E. A. ROSE,

Of Portland, Ont., a prominent physician there, discovered in July, 1892, that he had diabetes. The recognized and regular professional treatment usual in this disease did him no good. In April, 1893, he was unable to leave his bed. Uraemia, or blood-poisoning, set in. Six doctors pronounced his case hopeless. Death was fast approaching, they said. Dr. Rose then began using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and in three weeks he was cured. This fac simile of his letter, speaks for itself:

Portland Oct 30th 1893

Dr. L. A. Smith & Co

Toronto

Out

Dear Sir, Some time ago I wrote you that I was taking your Dodd's Kidney Pills for Diabetes. It is my pleasant duty now to state that they cured me. This is rather a strange confession for a medical man to make but as I have prescribed them largely in my practice & having been saved myself from suffering and a premature grave by their use I would not be doing my duty to myself, the medical profession and the public at large did I not make it known. Consider your remedy a wonderful discovery and as always remember me to all of the population of Ontario are subjects of kidney disease Dodd's Kidney Pills should be appreciated and are well deserving of the large sale they now enjoy

Yours truly

E. A. Rose M.D.

entered the establishment. Both gentlemen looked serious, but on Fred's face was also clearly manifest a look of triumphant satisfaction.

"Young ladies," said Mr. Adams, addressing his employees, "I have rather an unpleasant subject to introduce this morning, but it is not of my choosing, and I would prefer to give you an opportunity to acknowledge your act, than to charge you with it. Which of you is first here in the morning?"

"I believe I am, sir," answered Margery, to which the others assented.

"Well, I am sorry to report that for some time past I have been missing small sums of money from the drawer where I keep the change for incidental expenses, and to which you have all access, as occasion requires," continued Mr. Adams. "Now, I will put it to you formally, Miss Allen, do you know anything in regard to the missing money?"

"I do not, sir," she replied, lifting her eyes to his face, with a look of perfect innocence and truthfulness, while Fred, in his delight and joy, could scarce restrain himself from hugging her on the spot.

"Miss Wilson, do you—or you, Miss Douglas—or you, Miss Ferris?"

A most emphatic denial was the unanimous response.

"Well," said Mr. Adams, "it seems that we must resort to some other means to ascertain the culprit. What have you to say, Fred?"

"Merely to ask the young ladies if any of them recognize anyone they know in this," responded Fred, drawing out a small plate and laying it before them. There was an excellent photograph of the interior of the room, and bending over the open drawer of the desk, in the act of taking some silver from it, was the unmistakable profile, face and figure of Lottie Wilson.

With a startled cry she drew back, covering her burning face with her hands.

"If you will tell me the whole story I will let you off with no greater punishment than being discharged from my service," said Mr. Adams sternly. "Otherwise, I shall call an officer and hand you over to him forthwith."

Overcome with terror at this threat, Lottie sobbingly confessed that she had been the thief, having coaxed the housekeeper to let her in on the plea that she wanted to get to work early, and then slipping out again, and not returning until after Margery had arrived, so that if the theft was discovered suspicion would fall on her. Mr. Adams heard her to the end, then, quietly requesting her to get her hat and cloak, attended her to the door and bowed her out; then returning to Margery, who was standing a little apart from the rest, he said, in a tone of more than wonted kindness:

"There is a little story connected with this discovery, which there is not a fitting opportunity to tell here; but if you will allow my son to escort you to our house this evening to dinner, I will be happy to make you acquainted with my wife, and you can hear the sequel of

this affair."

Margery bowed, too happy to speak after one eloquent look from Fred's eyes, and went back to her duties with a heart bounding high. At the appointed hour Fred accompanied her to his home, where, after being introduced to his mother, who took the orphan girl to her heart and embrace at once, they told her the story.

"The moment I looked at that window of the building opposite," Fred said, in conclusion, "it occurred to me that I might make use of it as a point, not only of observation, but from which I could obtain a view of the place and of the culprit. By investigating and experimenting I found that I could photograph the room accurately. And I had a shade put up, leaving only one pane of glass exposed, in front of which I could place my machine and do the work without being seen in return. I was there this morning by daylight, arranged my apparatus, and, about half an hour before your time of coming, the door opened, and Lottie Wilson came in. I waited until she was in the very act of taking the money, as you see, and then secured my snap shot, that vindicated you, my darling, and has made me the happiest man alive—all by the aid of that blessed pane of glass."

He had not intended to make his avowal of love in such a fashion, but his joy and affection burst from him simultaneously, and the next moment he had her in rapturous embrace, from which she made no effort to disengage herself.

"Good-bye, my dear daughter," Mrs. Adams whispered, as she bade her good-bye before resigning her to Fred's care to escort her home. "You shall be my daughter in a very few weeks if I have anything to say about it." And that she not only had considerable to say about it, but said it, was evidenced by the modest but delightful little wedding that took place not long after, at which Fred and Margery were the principal parties interested, and, if their faces were any indication, the very happiest people that could be found anywhere.

—Tit-Bits.

An Unheeded Performance.

An amusing scene was recently enacted at Little. At the conclusion of one of his performances Sarbacan, the conjurer, addressed the audience as follows: "Coming to the sensation part of the programme, I now propose to decapitate one of the spectators. Any gentleman who would like to undergo the operation is invited to step on the platform."

At these words there arose a young man from Armentieres, who, in a fit of jealousy, had quarrelled with his intended, and ran up the steps leading to the platform, firmly resolved in his despair to have his head cut off. Everything was now ready for the decapitation, and the audience sat waiting in breathless suspense, when suddenly the sweetheart of the "knight of the rueful countenance" rushed upon the stage, exclaiming: "No, Paul! You shall not die!" whereupon she clasped her

lover in her arms and dragged him with main force out of the booth. As may be readily conceived, this pathetic scene had quite an exhilarating effect upon the spectators.—Lyon Republican.

Asthma Sufferers.

Who have in vain tried every other means of relief should try "Schiffmann's Asthma Cure." No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain, as a single trial proves. Send to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., for a free trial package, but ask your druggist first.

Rebutting Evidence.

Magistrate—Prisoner, we are informed that you have no visible means of existence. Prisoner (drawing a red herring out of his pocket)—Please, your Worship, what do you call that? (General stupefaction in court.)—Almanach Comique.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health says:

"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results."—H. P. YEOMANS, A.B., M.D.

Before and After.

At the front gate two weeks before the wedding: He—My dearest darling. She—Willie, my love. At the front gate two years after: He—Bill, where are you going? She—It's none of your blankety blank business.—Texas Siftings.

For Sleeplessness.

USE HOBSPORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have found it, and it alone, to be capable of producing a sweet and natural sleep in cases of insomnia from overwork of the brain, which so often occurs in active professional and business men."

Why He Wanted to Sell.

Fish Dealer—Have a nice fish, ma'am! Old Lady—Why, this is only Tuesday. That fish wouldn't keep until Friday. Fish Dealer—I know it, ma'am; that's why I want to sell it now.

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

A New Through Sleeping Car Line.

FROM CHICAGO TO SEATTLE. Via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Great Northern railways, has been established, and first-class sleeping cars will hereafter run daily from Chicago at 10:30 p.m., arriving at Seattle 11:30 p.m., fourth day. This is undoubtedly the best route to reach the North Pacific coast. For time tables, maps and other information apply to the nearest ticket agent or address A. J. TAYLOR, Canadian Pass. Agent, C. M. and St. P. Ry., 87 York street, Toronto, Ont.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Chronic Coughs

Persons afflicted with these or any throat or lung troubles should resort to that

Most Excellent Remedy,

Scott's Emulsion

of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. No other preparation effects such cures.

"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Sold by all druggists. 50c. and \$1.00.



COFFEE

ESSENCE

A Bottle of Good Coffee Essence is the Bachelor's Friend and the Housewife's Help.

THE LABEL OF

SYMINGTON

EDINBURGH

On a Bottle of COFFEE ESSENCE is a guarantee that it is made from the best materials by the most improved processes, is always of one standard quality, and that it is warranted pure.

To be obtained through all grocery stores, and wholesale from

STANWAY & BAYLEY

42 Front Street East - - Toronto

Hoptone

Our new drink is a

PLEASANT PALE ALE

Strictly non-intoxicant.

It sharpens your appetite.

If you are surfeited with sweet drinks take a bottle of HOPTONE with your dinner.

IN DOZENS, 50c.

J. J. McLAUGHLIN

MANUFACTURING CHEMIST

153 and 155 Sherbourne Street

Telephone 5025

AN ABSOLUTE CURE
ADAMS' PEPSIN
TUTTI FRUTTI
FOR INDIGESTION.
SEE TUTTI FRUTTI
IS ON EACH 5¢ PACKAGE.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THE

"MONSOON" TEAS

Indian and Ceylon

The most delicious Teas on the market.

STEEL, HAYTER & CO.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

A Pain of Glass.

"I am very sorry, Fred. I had got to like the girl very much, and she has been very faithful to her duties and a good saleswoman, and all that, but I cannot permit this pilfering to go on; it will lead to something worse before long. I think the best way to save her feelings will be just to tell her at the end of the week that we don't require her services any longer, and in that way get quietly rid of her without any direct accusation. You know we took her solely on her own recommendation, without asking for any references—in fact, I'll do her the justice to admit that she frankly told us she could not furnish any, being a stranger in the place. But this stealing has been going on for a month now, and as far as we know or can find out she is the first one here in the morning, and is here alone long enough to give her an opportunity to help herself. Another thing I have noticed, and that is that she has had several little trinkets lately, which seem to me decidedly more extravagant than a girl with her means could afford to indulge in, unless she has come by them through such means as I begin to fear she is guilty of."

Fred bit his lip and was silent. It would not have helped the case at all for him to have told his father just then that he knew the source whence she had derived those little gifts, which he had contrived to convey to her in such a way that she would not be able to detect the giver and so return them, and which it had afforded him such delight to see her wear, little dreaming at the time that they would only serve as an additional means of strengthening suspicion against her.

He had been only waiting a favorable opportunity to speak to her of his feelings and assure himself of her sentiments, before telling his father of the hopes he had been cherishing; but before that opportunity arrived this unexpected trouble and threatened disgrace had cast a shadow over the fair name of the girl he secretly loved.

"I'll stake my life, father, that she hasn't a trinket about her but what is honestly come by," he exclaimed, after a moment's embarrassed silence, "and that she is a thoroughly honest and trustworthy girl. Don't discharge her this week, father. Give her—give me one week more and let me see if I cannot discover the thief. I promise that if I find it is indeed she, I will not try to shield her. But let me have that much time to try and discover the real culprit."

"I don't see how you are going to do it," replied Mr. Adams, looking around the apartment. "There is no way that I can see but of getting her ahead of the thief, whoever it is, and, of course, the money will not be taken with you looking on, and there is no way for you to conceal yourself in the room here. You know I have been accustomed to leave money in that drawer, for the convenience of giving change if it should be needed before I get down in the morning, and nobody knows but you that I am in the habit of counting it every night before leaving, and that for the last month it has not been balanced with the cashier's account, but constantly shows a deficiency. It must be taken in the morning, before we get here, and Miss Allen is, as she has said herself, the first one here; indeed, she has a key of her own, so that she can get in as early as she pleases."

Fred's eyes had been roving around the room while his father was speaking. There was, as he said, no possible chance for his concealing himself anywhere in the room without making the fact of that concealment evident, and thus defeating his purpose; but as he glanced over at the desk, which stood at the opposite side of the room, near the window, and in one drawer of which was kept the money for such miscellaneous expenses as postage, telegrams, and other incidental small expenditure, and from which sums that could not be accounted for had been missing for a month past, his face lightened. The window faced another window of a large building, the side of which was separated only by a narrow court, and which was for the time vacant, and a suggestion occurred to him, which he seized upon at once.

"I'll admit it does look black against her, father," he said, "but I believe I can find a way in a week's time either to vindicate her or prove that your suspicions are just, though I believe that it will vindicate her. Just let me have one more week, and if I don't discover the culprit by that time I will make no further plea."

"All right, my boy," said Mr. Adams, smiling, and perhaps not altogether without an intuition as to the cause of his son's earnestness. "I can stand the loss of a few pounds more, I guess. Find the culprit, and you may name your own reward."

"I don't desire any reward," replied Fred. But his troubled face told another story, and one that his father was not slow to detect.

Not only Margery Allen, but the three other girls in the employ of Mr. Adams's photographic establishment, missed the frank, bright smile and pleasant word with which his son had been wont to greet them, and into Margery's pretty eyes crept a look of hurt surprise, mingled with a deeper feeling, that went to Fred's very heart. But he maintained his demeanor unshakenly, meanwhile, however, studying each face and act of the girls with a scrutiny he had never bestowed upon them before, and by night he had pretty well settled in his own mind as to the culprit, but to make that suspicion a certainty was the task that remained.

If any of the girls, in passing near the window where the desk stood, had chanced to glance at the building opposite, they might have noticed that it had been provided with a shade, with the exception of one pane of glass, where the shade had been cut away. But they either did not notice it or did not think it of sufficient consequence to mention it if they did, and the day's work went on as usual, except that Margery remarked to herself, with a little faster beating of the heart, that it was the first day since her finding the employment that had been to her such a boon that Fred's eyes had failed to meet hers with an encouraging or friendly smile, in which, of late, she had imagined she could detect a warmer sentiment.

The next morning the girls were at their work as usual when Mr. Adams and his son

DR. E. A. ROSE,

Of Portland, Ont., a prominent physician there, discovered in July, 1892, that he had diabetes. The recognized and regular professional treatment usual in this disease did him no good. In April, 1893, he was unable to leave his bed. Uraemia, or blood-poisoning, set in. Six doctors pronounced his case hopeless. Death was fast approaching, they said. Dr. Rose then began using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and in three weeks he was cured. This fac simile of his letter, speaks for itself:

Portland Oct 30th 1893

Dr. L. A. Smith & Co

Toronto

Out

Dear Sir, Some time ago I wrote you that I was taking your Dodd's Kidney Pills for Diabetes. It is my pleasant duty now to state that they cured me. This is rather a strange confession for a medical man to make but as I have prescribed them largely in my practice & having been saved myself from suffering and a premature grave by their use I would not be doing my duty to myself, the medical profession and the public at large did I not make it known. Consider your remedy a wonderful discovery and as always remember me to all of the population of Ontario are subjects of kidney disease Dodd's Kidney Pills should be appreciated and are well deserving of the large sale they now enjoy

Yours truly

E. A. Rose M.D.

entered the establishment. Both gentlemen looked serious, but on Fred's face was also clearly manifest a look of triumphant satisfaction.

"Young ladies," said Mr. Adams, addressing his employees, "I have rather an unpleasant subject to introduce this morning, but it is not of my choosing, and I would prefer to give you an opportunity to acknowledge your act, than to charge you with it. Which of you is first here in the morning?"

"I believe I am, sir," answered Margery, to which the others assented.

"Well, I am sorry to report that for some time past I have been missing small sums of money from the drawer where I keep the change for incidental expenses, and to which you have all access, as occasion requires," continued Mr. Adams. "Now, I will put it to you formally, Miss Allen, do you know anything in regard to the missing money?"

"I do not, sir," she replied, lifting her eyes to his face, with a look of perfect innocence and truthfulness, while Fred, in his delight and joy, could scarce restrain himself from hugging her on the spot.

"Miss Wilson, do you—or you, Miss Douglas—or you, Miss Ferris?"

A most emphatic denial was the unanimous response.

"Well," said Mr. Adams, "it seems that we must resort to some other means to ascertain the culprit. What have you to say, Fred?"

"Merely to ask the young ladies if any of them recognize anyone they know in this," responded Fred, drawing out a small plate and laying it before them. There was an excellent photograph of the interior of the room, and bending over the open drawer of the desk, in the act of taking some silver from it, was the unmistakable profile, face and figure of Lottie Wilson.

With a startled cry she drew back, covering her burning face with her hands.

"If you will tell me the whole story I will let you off with no greater punishment than being discharged from my service," said Mr. Adams sternly. "Otherwise, I shall call an officer and hand you over to him forthwith."

Overcome with terror at this threat, Lottie sobbingly confessed that she had been the thief, having coaxed the housekeeper to let her in on the plea that she wanted to get to work early, and then slipping out again, and not returning until after Margery had arrived, so that if the theft was discovered suspicion would fall on her. Mr. Adams heard her to the end, then, quietly requesting her to get her hat and cloak, attended her to the door and bowed her out; then returning to Margery, who was standing a little apart from the rest, he said, in a tone of more than wonted kindness:

"There is a little story connected with this discovery, which there is not a fitting opportunity to tell here; but if you will allow my son to escort you to our house this evening to dinner, I will be happy to make you acquainted with my wife, and you can hear the sequel of

this affair."

Margery bowed, too happy to speak after one eloquent look from Fred's eyes, and went back to her duties with a heart bounding high. At the appointed hour Fred accompanied her to his home, where, after being introduced to his mother, who took the orphan girl to her heart and embrace at once, they told her the story.

"The moment I looked at that window of the building opposite," Fred said, in conclusion, "it occurred to me that I might make use of it as a point, not only of observation, but from which I could obtain a view of the place and of the culprit. By investigating and experimenting I found that I could photograph the room accurately. And I had a shade put up, leaving only one pane of glass exposed, in front of which I could place my machine and do the work without being seen in return. I was there this morning by daylight, arranged my apparatus, and, about half an hour before your time of coming, the door opened, and Lottie Wilson came in. I waited until she was in the very act of taking the money, as you see, and then secured my snap shot, that vindicated you, my darling, and has made me the happiest man alive—all by the aid of that blessed pane of glass."

He had not intended to make his avowal of love in such a fashion, but his joy and affection burst from him simultaneously, and the next moment he had her in rapturous embrace, from which she made no effort to disengage herself.

"Good-bye, my dear daughter," Mrs. Adams whispered, as she bade her good-bye before resigning her to Fred's care to escort her home.

"You shall be my daughter in a very few weeks if I have anything to say about it."

And that she not only had considerable to say about it, but said it, was evidenced by the modest but delightful little wedding that took place not long after, at which Fred and Margery were the principal parties interested, and, if their faces were any indication, the very happiest people that could be found anywhere.

—Tit-Bits.

An Unrehearsed Performance.

An amusing scene was recently enacted at Little. At the conclusion of one of his performances Sarbacan, the conjurer, addressed the audience as follows: "Coming to the sensation part of the programme, I now propose to decapitate one of the spectators. Any gentleman who would like to undergo the operation is invited to step on the platform."

At these words there arose a young man from Armentieres, who, in a fit of jealousy, had quarrelled with his intended, and ran up the steps leading to the platform, firmly resolved in his despair to have his head cut off. Everything was now ready for the decapitation, and the audience sat waiting in breathless suspense, when suddenly the sweetheart of the "knight of the rascal countenance" rushed upon the stage, exclaiming: "No, Paul! You shall not die!" whereupon she clasped her

lover in her arms and dragged him with main force out of the booth. As may be readily conceived, this pathetic scene had quite an exhilarating effect upon the spectators.—Lyon Republican.

Asthma Sufferers.

Who have in vain tried every other means of relief should try "Schiffmann's Asthma Cure." No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain, as a single trial proves. Send to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., for a free trial package, but ask your druggist first.

Rebutting Evidence.

Magistrate—Prisoner, we are informed that you have no visible means of existence. Prisoner (drawing a red herring out of his pocket)—Please, your Worship, what do you call that? (General stupefaction in court.)—Almanach Comique.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health says:

"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results."—H. P. YOMANS, A.B., M.D.

Before and After.

At the front gate two weeks before the wedding:

He—My dearest darling.

She—Willie, my love.

At the front gate two years after:

She—Bill, where are you going?

He—It's none of your blankety blank business.—Texas Siftings.

For Sleeplessness.

USE HOBSON'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have found it, and it alone, to be capable of producing a sweet and natural sleep in cases of insomnia from overwork of the brain, which so often occurs in active professional and business men."

Why He Wanted to Sell.

Fish Dealer—Have a nice fish, ma'am? Old Lady—Why, this is only Tuesday. That fish wouldn't keep until Friday.

Fish Dealer—I know it, ma'am; that's why I want to sell it now.

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

A New Through Sleeping Car Line.

FROM CHICAGO TO SEATTLE. Via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Great Northern railways, has been established, and first-class sleeping cars will hereafter run daily from Chicago at 10.30 p.m., arriving at Seattle 11.30 p.m., fourth day. This is undoubtedly the best route to reach the North Pacific coast.

For time tables, maps and other information apply to the nearest ticket agent or address A. J. TAYLOR, Canadian Pass. Agent, C. M. and St. P. R'y, 87 York street, Toronto, Ont.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who cure try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Chronic Coughs

Persons afflicted with these or any throat or lung troubles should resort to that

Most Excellent Remedy,

Scott's Emulsion

of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. No other preparation effects such cures.

"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Sold by all druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

COFFEE



ESSENCE

A Bottle of Good Coffee Essence is the Bachelor's Friend and the Housewife's Help.

THE LABEL OF

SYMINGTON

EDINBURGH

On a Bottle of COFFEE ESSENCE is a guarantee that it is made from the best materials by the most improved processes, is always of one standard quality, and that it is warranted pure.

To be obtained through all grocery stores, and wholesale from

STANWAY & BAYLEY

42 Front Street East - Toronto

Hoptone

Our new drink is a

PLEASANT PALE ALE

Strictly non-intoxicant.

It sharpens your appetite.

If you are surfeited with sweet drinks take a bottle of HOPTONE with your dinner.

IN DOZENS, 50c.

J. J. McLAUGHLIN

MANUFACTURING CHEMIST

153 and 155 Sherbourne Street

Telephone 3225

AN ABSOLUTE CURE
ADAMS' PEPSIN
TUTTI FRUTTI
FOR INDIGESTION.
SEE THAT TUTTI FRUTTI
IS ON EACH 5¢ PACKAGE.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THE

"MONSOON" TEAS

Indian and Ceylon

The most delicious Teas on the market.

STEEL, HAYTER & CO.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Music.

THE usual Thanksgiving concert at the Elm street Methodist church has become one of our most interesting annual local events of this character. The programme presented on Thursday evening of last week was fully up to the standard of former occasions, including, besides selections by the efficient choir of the church, solos and concerted numbers by such well known and popular artists as Mrs. Mackelcan, contralto; Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor; and Mr. Geo. Fox, violinist. Numerous encores testified to the pleasure of the large audience present, every solo number being re-demanded. Mrs. Mackelcan's solos were sung with considerable expression and excellent taste, despite a slight unevenness in her voice during the earlier part of the evening. The tenor solos of Mr. Jarvis were admirably sung and enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Jarvis' voice appears to be gaining in purity of quality as well as sweetness of tone. I was especially pleased with the artistic manner of his phrasing and the generally musically interpretation of his various numbers. Mr. George Fox's violin solos, as usual, created no small *furor*. Besides possessing an admirable tone and excellent technical skill, Mr. Fox's performances reveal true musical instinct such as but few of our native artists display. The choir of the church sang several anthems in a very satisfactory manner; particularly worthy of mention was Sullivan's beautiful part song *The Way is Long and Dearly*, which was given with praiseworthy attention to details of phrasing and expression. This number was deservedly encored and the manner of its rendition reflected the greatest credit upon the choirmaster, Mr. Blight, who also created a most favorable impression in his solo *The Coming of the King*, by Roedel. Mrs. Blight acted as accompanist during the evening, in her usual artistic style, her work in this capacity being a model of refinement and good taste. An encore also greeted her organ solo, which was played with considerable dash and vim, notwithstanding the fact that the popular organist was but recovering from a rather severe illness.

Another successful concert was given at the Bloor street Methodist church on the same evening, where probably the largest audience attending any of the Thanksgiving entertainments had gathered. An attractive musical programme had been prepared by the choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. T. C. Jeffers, organist. Mrs. Fenwick (Maggie Barr), soprano, of Hamilton, and Miss Jessie Alexander, elocutionist, were engaged to assist, the cordial reception given these artists testifying to their popularity, repeated encores being demanded of them at every appearance. Mrs. Fenwick was particularly successful in her Scottish ballads, a feature of her work which has gained for her a provincial reputation. Particularly gratifying was the singing of the choir. Notwithstanding inroads by the prevailing malady, influenza, which appeared to have specially affected the sopranos, the quality of tone was good and the general balance of parts very satisfactory. Mr. Jeffers has taken considerable pains in the preparation of unaccompanied work by his choir, the example given on Thursday night of last week being Rheinberger's beautiful *Evensong*, a composition well calculated to test the ability of any chorists. Although suffering from a severe cold, Miss Ida Hatch, the leading soprano of the choir, sang her various numbers conscientiously and effectively. Mr. R. G. Kirby, baritone soloist of the choir, was warmly applauded for his solo, Handel's *Arm, Arm, Ye Brave*. Valuable service was also rendered by Mr. T. Bilton, who sang with considerable expression the tenor solo in Shelly's *A Light Stream Downward*. Mention should also be made of Mr. Jeffers' excellent accompaniments and of his performance as an organ solo of Rossini's exciting overture *William Tell*.

An enjoyable concert was given in the schoolhouse of the Church of the Redeemer on Monday evening last by the choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. Walter H. Robinson, choirmaster. Despite very disagreeable weather a large audience turned out, filling the commodious schoolroom in every part. Mr. Robinson had arranged a varied and attractive programme of choruses, part songs, solos and concerted numbers by the choir, with a piano-forte selection by Mrs. Fred. W. Lee and a violin solo by Mr. W. F. Robinson, soloist of the Thirteenth Batt. Band, Hamilton. Particularly pleasing was the work of the choir, which under Mr. Robinson's direction is rapidly coming to the front among similar organizations throughout the city. In the choruses and part songs steadiness and promptness in attack, combined with a vigorous and sturdy tone, proved very effective, especially in such dramatic compositions as Fanning's *The Song of the Vikings* and *The Miller's Wooing*. A gratifying feature, by the way, of choir work in Toronto is the increasing interest being shown in unaccompanied work. An organ can be made to cover a multitude of sins, and many a clever organist does this to good advantage every Sabbath in this city, but the real merit of a choir, as regards the balance of its different parts, the purity of its tone and the general quality of its work cannot be satisfactorily tested excepting in unaccompanied singing. The several Thanksgiving church concerts which I was enabled to attend, as well as the concert under notice, demonstrated the fact that in unaccompanied work a chorus sings with greater confidence, accuracy and effect, through having bestowed more than passing attention to *alla capella* singing. Besides the choir numbers, special mention should be made of Mrs. Lee's musicianly performance of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12, which was deservedly encored. Mrs. Lee responded by playing Chaminade's *Scarpettas*. Vocal solos were contributed by Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Wignore, Messrs. Robinson, Greene, Musson and Parker, all of whom were heartily applauded. Mr. Musson, whom I had not heard before, is the possessor of an excellent bass voice of good quality and considerable power, which with further cultivation and experience should prove a valuable addition to the solo forces of this city. Mr. William Robinson, brother of the director

of the concert, created a favorable impression in his violin solo, producing a good tone and displaying very fair technical skill. His selection was enthusiastically encored, in response to which he played a well known Scottish ballad.

The good example set by Mr. W. E. Fairclough in the inauguration of his Saturday afternoon organ recitals has already begun to bear fruit. Several of our more talented younger organists have recently given very interesting recitals, a gratifying feature of which is found in the character of the programmes presented, which give a general indication of a marked improvement in public taste concerning organ music. One of the most meritorious recitals so far given this season, both as regards the comprehensive character of the programme and the manner of its interpretation, was that held in St. Luke's church on Saturday afternoon, when Mr. W. H. Hewlett, A. T. C. M., played the following numbers:

1. Toccata and Fugue, D minor..... J. S. Bach
2. a. Benediction Nuptiale..... C. Saint-Saens
3. b. Reverie.....
3. Introduction to 3rd Act (Lohengrin)..... R. Wagner
4. Offertory in D Flat..... Th. Salome
5. a. Melody in D..... Alex. Guilmant
5. b. Tempo di Minuetto.....
6. Ave Maria..... A. Henell
7. Marche Pontificale..... J. Lemmens

Mr. Hewlett was assisted by Master Caryll Hunter of Michigan, a talented boy soprano, who sang in excellent voice and with considerable musical feeling Sullivan's beautiful aria, *How Many Hired Servants from the Prodigal Son*. An evening of Chamber Music attracted a large audience to the College of Music on Wednesday evening of last week. The programme was well chosen and contained several standard works of leading classical composers, including Beethoven's Trio for piano, violin and cello Opus 1, No. 3, and Mendelssohn's Trio Op. 66, the piano part in the former being taken by Miss Mansfield, and in the latter by Miss Sullivan. Messrs. Klitzing and Rath played the violin and cello parts respectively, the ensemble in both numbers being very creditable to all concerned. Besides the selections mentioned, piano solos were rendered by Mr. Welsman, and vocal numbers were contributed by Miss McKay and Mr. Chastot respectively. All of the performers were warmly applauded and the entertainment, as a whole, gave much pleasure to the audience present.

Mr. A. E. Huestis has been engaged as solo tenor for another season at the Northern Congregational church. The quartette choir which formerly led the singing in this church having been disbanded, a chorus choir has been organized in its stead. Mr. Huestis' re-engagement is an evidence of the high esteem in which he is held by the congregation and of the excellent service rendered by him during his former engagement.

The annual entertainment of St. George's Society, which this year took the form of a Costume Concert by vocal pupils of Mr. E. W. Schuch, was held in the Pavilion Music Hall on Tuesday evening last. A large and fashionable audience was present, including Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, under whose distinguished patronage the concert was given. The programme was made up of part songs, choruses, solos, readings and dances. A chorus of about fifty voices, exclusively pupils of Mr. Schuch, sang the choral numbers, displaying, particularly in the soprano section, good quality and volume of tone. Several of the unaccompanied selections, however, suffered from lack of sufficient rehearsal, this being particularly noticeable in Lohr's *Schlumber Song* and Barnby's *Hunting Chorus*. Solos were sung by Misses Klitzing, Carter, Kleiser, Sturrock, Beach, J. Irvine Thomson, Burrows, and Messrs. Sturrock and Eccleston, all of whom were generously applauded, several receiving encores. A most favorable impression was created by Mr. Alfred Sturrock in his song, *The Admiral's Broom*, which was one of the most enjoyable numbers on the programme. Mr. Sturrock's voice gives much promise for the future, being rich in quality, true in intonation, and already under excellent control. The varied costumes of the singers made an attractive picture as they were grouped upon the platform, and added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. Miss Dottie Lamont's clever dancing of the *Sailor's Hornpipe* and Miss Jennie Houston's readings lent pleasing variety to the programme, which was volunteered by the ladies and gentlemen taking part, in aid of St. George's Society. The accompaniments throughout were efficiently and conscientiously played by Mrs. W. C. Haskett.

Spohr's grand oratorio *The Last Judgment* will be produced under the auspices of the choir of the Jarvis street Baptist church on Tuesday evening, December 19. The choir of the church will form the nucleus of a chorus of nearly one hundred carefully selected voices which have had the work in preparation for some time past. Owing to the large number of concerts which are to be held before Christmas and the just claims of the various enterprises for public support, the idea of engaging a large orchestra to assist in the production of the oratorio, as was done last season when Gaul's *Holy City* was presented, has been abandoned. It has therefore been decided to employ King Hall's special arrangement of the accompaniments for piano and organ, and to produce the work in the church, at which no admission fee will be charged. A collection will, however, be taken up to defray the expenses in connection with the occasion, any surplus being devoted to some local charity. *The Last Judgment* is justly considered Spohr's choral masterpiece and is one of the most remarkable productions in oratorio of this century. The wonderfully dramatic chorus, *Destroyed is Babylon*, is a marvel of descriptive music. In contrast to this is the beautiful quartette, *Blessed Are the Dead*, which is perhaps the best known and most popular number in the work. The grand final chorus, *Great and Wonderful*, is a typical example of Spohr's predilection for chromatic part writing, a feature of his choral music which adds much to the difficulty of effective performance. Signor Giuseppe Dinelli will officiate as pianist

and Mr. W. H. Hewlett as organist in the presentation of the oratorio.

The Toronto Ladies' Quartette, accompanied by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, solo pianist, have been engaged for a concert in Montreal on the 7th inst., to be held in Windsor Hall.

One of the most successful of the young ladies of this city who are devoting themselves professionally to music is Miss Maud Gordon, whose card appears in this issue. Miss Gordon's record as a pupil at Whitby Ladies' College, where she was awarded the gold medal for music upon graduating, and her subsequent work as a pupil and teacher at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, reflect creditably upon herself and also upon Mr. Edward Fisher, under whom she has pursued her studies.

Miss Agnes Forbes, the popular soprano of Bloor street Presbyterian church, left for New York on Monday last to continue her vocal studies under Mr. W. E. Haslam, formerly of Toronto. Miss Forbes, up to the time of her departure, was a pupil of Miss Norma Reynolds at the College of Music. Her marked success both as a church soloist and a concert singer certainly reflects greatest credit upon her instructor, whose uniform good work I have frequently commented on in this column. The Musical Committee of the Bloor street church have granted Miss Forbes three months' leave of absence, during which time Miss Annie Hallworth, also a pupil of Miss Reynolds, takes her place.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's third organ recital for this season will be held this afternoon at All Saints' Church, Sherbourne street, at four o'clock. Mr. Fairclough's programme will include compositions by Bach, Parker, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Durand, Heise, and a March de Fete by Mr. Wm. Reed, the talented Montreal organist, which, by the way, has been dedicated to Mr. Fairclough. Mr. H. W. Webster, the well known baritone, has kindly consented to assist, and will sing an aria from Moliere's oratorio *Abraham*.

Miss Adeline Hibbard, soprano, who assists at Mr. H. M. Field's piano recital on December 11, is highly spoken of by leading American critics. The *New York World* in referring to a recent concert at which Miss Hibbard sang says: "Miss Adeline Hibbard surprised and delighted her audience by the artistic purity of her tones, the brilliancy of her execution and the bird-like facility and beauty of her trills."

An excellent programme has been arranged for the concert to be given in the Pavilion under the auspices of the Orpheus Society on the evening of December 8. The concert will be under the patronage of the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski. The talent secured for this occasion includes such well known and popular artists as Mrs. Agnes Thomson, soprano; Mr. Whitney Mockridge, tenor; Signor P. De Lasso, basso; Mr. H. M. Field, pianist; and the newly organized Toronto String Quartette which is composed of Messrs. Bayley, Anderson, Napolitano and Dinelli. Much credit is due the committee having the concert in charge for the excellent discrimination shown in the choice of artists, the list including the names of some of the most eminent soloists this country has yet produced. MODERATO.

Weather Proof.

King Humbert of Italy is intensely fond of rain and bad weather; the more threatening the state of the atmosphere, the more eager he is for a ride. He delights in allowing the storm and the rain to beat upon him and thus putting his iron constitution to the test in conflict with the elements. He generally goes out hunting in the vicinity of Castel Porziano when the weather is at its worst, and many an eye-witness has a lively recollection of the inauguration of the Margherita Bridge in Rome, when the Mayor delivered a speech while standing under an umbrella held aloft by a municipal guardman, while the King stood complacently by in the dripping rain with his head uncovered.—*Farfalla*.

A good story is told of an old captain of a mine in Cornwall. He had received as a present a splendid pineapple. A few days afterwards the donor met him and the following colloquy ensued: "Hope you liked the pineapple I sent you?" "Well, yes, thankie, pretty well. But I suppose we sort of people are not used to them fine things, and don't know how to eat 'em." "Why! How did you eat it?" asked the gentleman. "Well," said the man, "we boiled 'em." "Boiled it!" said the gentleman, in horror, thinking of his pineapple. "Yes, we boiled 'em with a leg of mutton."

MISS MAUD GORDON, A.T.C.M.

TEACHER OF PIANO
Conservatory of Music, or 75 Wellesley Street

ARTHUR BLAKELEY

Organist Sherbourne Street Methodist Church
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
44 Piche Street

MISS RUBY E. PRESTON

MRS. BAC., A.T.C.M.
Teacher of Piano and Theory
No. 3 Bellwoods Park, Toronto

MISS EDITH M. CRITTENDEN, A.T.C.M.

Teacher (Piano) Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Address—5 Bellevue Place
Terms—\$5 twenty half hour lessons.

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP

Concert Pianist and Teacher of Piano
Only Canadian pupil of Moszkowski, Berlin, Germany, formerly pupil of Edward Fisher. Open for engagements.
Toronto Conservatory of Music
and 32 Seaton Street, Toronto

W. J. McNALLY,

Late of Leipzig Conservatory of Music,
Organist and Choirmaster, Beverley Street Baptist Church,

TEACHER OF PIANO,

Toronto College of Music at 32 Seaton Avenue.

MISS CARTER,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO,
380 BROADVIEW AVENUE.

INCORPORATED 1888
HON. G. W. ALLAN
PRESIDENT
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC
COR. YONGE ST. & WILTON AVE.

University Affiliation for Degrees in Music
Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals
Artists and Teachers' Graduating Courses
Equipment, Staff and Facilities Unsurpassed
Students receive a Thorough and Artistic
Musical Training
Voices Trained Free of Charge.
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal.
Delsarte, Swedish Gymnastics, Voice Culture, Literature
CALENDAR OF 133 PAGES, MAILED FREE.
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.

MISS MCCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
(Formerly principal resident piano teacher at the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto)
Will be prepared to receive pupils in Harmony and Piano
Playing on and after September 2, at her residence
14 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.
Pupils of Ladies' College taught at reduction in terms.

MR. H. M. FIELD, Piano Virtuoso
Pupil of Prof. Martin Kraus, Hans von Bulow and Reinecke, solo pianist Albert Hall concerts; Richard Strauss, conductor, Leipzig; pianist of the Seldi orchestra tour in Canada, 1892; by invitation of Theodore Thomas, representative Canadian solo pianist at the World's Fair, Chicago. Concert engagements and pupils accepted.
Address—105 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College of Music

In Affiliation With the University of Toronto
THE TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND DELSARTE
MR. GREVILLE P. KLEISER, PRINCIPAL.

Opens November 13th.
This new School is established in connection with the College of Music, and is prepared, with the staff of competent teachers, associated with Mr. G. P. Kleiser, to offer unsurpassed advantages for the study of Elocution in all its branches. Professional men prepared for public speaking. Special Classes for ladies who are required to speak in public, either as Teachers, Lecturers, or in any capacity on the public platform. Students have the advantage of the University of Toronto lectures in literature.
Send for Special Circular of the Elocution School. Mailed free.
F. H. TORRINGTON, Director.

GIUSEPPE DINELLI
Violoncello Soloist and Accompanist
TEACHER OF
PIANO, VIOLIN AND CELLO
At Conservatory of Music.
31 Gerrard Street EastMISS EDITH J. MILLER, A.T.C.M.
CONTRALTO SOLOIST

Member of Toronto Ladies' Quartette, leading Contralto Bloor Street Presbyterian Church.
CHURCH AND CONCERT
Open for engagements. For terms address Toronto Conservatory of Music, or Presbyterian Ladies' College.

MRS. & MISS DRECHSLER-ADAMSON
Violinists, will resume teaching Monday, Sept. 11, at the College of Music or at their residence
67 BLOOR ST. EAST.J. LEWIS BROWNE
(Organist and Choirmaster Bnd St. Cong. Church)
CONCERT ORGANIST

Pupils received in Organ, Piano, Harmony and Instrumentation.
25 Shuter Street
Reception hours 3 to 5 p.m. daily.

MR. M. H. FLETCHER, Musical Director
A. Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. G. pupil of New England Conservatory and Mr. C. E. Fane, Boston. Voice culture, expression in singing and piano, 19 Broadbalt Street.MRS. EDGAR JARVIS, A.T.C.M.
PIANO
Toronto Conservatory of Music
Residence, 2 Maple Avenue.MRS. E. M. FOX
Teacher of Guitar and Banjo
Studio at 32 Queen Street East.MISS MINNIE TOPPING
Pupil of H. M. Field, Concert Pianist
Pupils and concert engagements accepted. Address—855 Victoria St. (St. James' Sq.), or Toronto Coll. of Music.MRS. JULIETTE D'ERVIEW SMITH
Concert engagements accepted. Address 31 Wilcox Street
TorontoMR. AND MRS. G. H. OZBURN
TEACHERS OF THE
Guitar, Mandolin and Banjo.
Also Leader of the Ozburn Guitar and Mandolin Club
Open for concert engagements.
123 McNeil StreetSIGNOR LEONARDO VEGARA
Of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, London, Eng., Professor of Singing at the Loretto Abbey and Toronto College of Music.SINGING
Grand Opera, Operas, Oratorios. Songs taught in English, Italian, French, German, Spanish. Public introduction to Operatic and Concert Stage in United States and Europe.VOICES TRIED FREE
Apply to residence, 588 Spadina Avenue, morning and evenings.CITY OFFICE:
WILLIAM & SON, 143 Yonge Street
And Toronto College of Music.MR. H. KLINGENFELD
CONCERT VIOLINIST AND TEACHER
Open for Concert engagements and a limited number of pupils
565 Sherbourne Street
or Toronto College of MusicMRS. MARIE M. KLINGENFELD
Vocal Culture, Piano and Theory
303 Sherbourne Street, or Toronto College of Music.MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
SOPIANO
Fellow Toronto College of Music and Undergraduate Trinity University.
Instructor in Voice Culture, Style and Repertoire
Toronto College of Music and 86 Major Street.
Open for concert engagementsW. O. FORSYTH
Lessons in piano playing and composition. Pupil of the great and eminent masters, Prof. M. Kraus, Dr. Prof. S. Jadasch, Adolf Ruedtard and Prof. Epstein (of Vienna).
Teacher of Piano Playing
At the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Moulton College and Miss Yea's School for young ladies; also privately.
113 College StreetMR. A. S. VOGT
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church
Instructor of Piano and Organ at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Beverley House and Hamilton College.
Residence—606 Church StreetMusic
IF YOU REQUIRE
ANYTHING in the MUSIC LINE, whether it be
Sheet Music, Music Books or Musical Instruments
Dealers in everything pertaining to a
FIRST-CLASS MUSIC SUPPLY HOUSE
Catalogues furnished free on application. (In writing) Mention goods required.
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 155 Yonge St., Toronto

ESTABLISHED 1836
S.R. WARREN & SON
CHURCH
ORGAN BUILDERS
39, 41, 43, 45, 47
McMurrich Street - TORONTO
ELECTRIC ACTION A SPECIALTY
Edward Lye & Sons
CHURCH PIPE
ORGAN BUILDERS
Our Organs are now in use at
Holy Trinity Church
Cook's Presbyterian Church
Central Presbyterian Church
Parkdale Methodist Church
18, 20 & 22 St. Alban's Street - TORONTO

W. H. HEWLETT, A.T.C.M.
Organist Carlton Street Methodist Church
Teacher of Piano and Organ
Address—74 Hamilton Ave., or Toronto Conservatory of Music.MISS NORAH HILLARY
TEACHER OF SINGING AND PIANO PLAYING
and Conductress of the Ladies' Choral Club.
Residence—9 Gloucester StreetMR. JOHN BAYLEY, Violin Specialist
(Pupil of Leopold Jansa, teacher of Miss Norman Neude)
Receives Pupils at his Residence, 102 Gould Street.CLARENCE LUCAS, Mus. Bac.
Of the Conservatoire of Paris, France.
COMPOSER AND TEACHERCLARA ASHER-LUCAS
Of London Philharmonic Concerts, &c.
SOLO PIANIST
Board per hour, \$2.50.
19 Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, N. W.
LONDON, ENGLANDSTAMMERING CHURCH
SCHOOL, Toronto, Canada. No advance fee or deposit. Grade perfected. Cure guaranteed.W. KUCHENMEISTER
VIOLIN SOLOIST AND TEACHER
(Late a pupil of the Royal Conservatory at Frankfurt-on-Main, and of Professor H. E. Kayer, Hugo Hermann and O. Bergner, formerly a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra at Hamburg, (Dr. Hans von Bulow, conductor).
Studio, Odd Fellows' Building, Cor. Yonge and College Streets, Room 13, or College of Music, 19 Pembroke Street, or residence, 98 Nassau Street. Telephone 983J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.
Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Miss Yea's School, Morry House School.
13 Dunbar Road - EvesdaleLOYD N. WATKINS
303 CHURCH STREET
Thorough instruction on Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither. Teacher of the Guitar at the Conservatory of MusicHERBERT W. WEBSTER
CONCERT BARITONE
Choirmaster St. Peter's Church, Late of Westminster Abbey, Eng., and Milan, Italy. Instruction in Voice Culture, Opera, Oratorio.
64 Winchester St. or College of Music.
OPEN TO CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS.MRS. H. W. WEBSTER
Pupil of Signor Giuseppe and Gantiero, of Milan. Will receive a few pupils for the *MANDOLIN*. Original Italian method. Apply 64 Winchester St.GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements.
Instructor of 'Variety Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs.
Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Upper Canada College.
For terms apply Toronto College of Music, 19 Pembroke Street, or residence, 98 Nassau Street.MADAME D'AURIA
SOPIANO SOLOIST
CONCERT & ORATORIO. VOCAL INSTRUCTION
For terms address—
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC or ELLIOTT HOUSEMR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH
Fellow of the College of Organists, England.
Organist and Choirmaster All Saints' Church.
Teacher of Organ, Piano and Theory
Exceptional facilities for Organ students. Pupils prepared for Musical examinations.
Toronto College of Music, or 6 Glen RoadWALTER H. ROBINSON
Singing Master and Conductor
Gives instruction in Voice Production
Pupils received for study of Musical Theory.
Open to accept engagements as Tutor Soloist at Concerts.
Concert director.
Studio—Care R. S. WILLIAMS & SON, 143 Yonge St.MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Directress and Leader of Berkeley Street Methodist Church Choir.
Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto Conservatory of Music.
702 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.MISS MAUD SNARR, Mezzo Soprano
Church and Concert
Apply F. H. TORRINGTON, Toronto College of Music, or 303 Huron Street, City.MR. V. P. HUNT
(Graduate of Leipzig Conservatory)
Teacher of the Pianoforte at the Toronto Conservatory of Music,
Organist of Zion Congregational Church.
Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College.
RESIDENCE—104 Maitland Street.

and I am
do their sh
lose that sh
sary to the
standpoint
sonable, ar
believe in
not destr
those com
built up.
tariff refor
injury of m
sibly produ
recently un
believe thi
fact, yet w
North-Wes
think we h
proof of h

The resul
great stren
The Libera
ent of Prot
pass as suc
ly sound in
schools, yet
professiona
not been in
matters in
after expro
Laurier will
ly connecte
State and
Mr. Laurier
his support
of the Sel
trouble. M
coming Min
Grit mem
North-Wes
confidence
country. T
as the prop
a Liberal w
most affect
party have
many if n
that part
or prosp
if the Lib
to neutral
movement
leaving M
to weaken
McCarthy
believe mo
schools in
the author
Thus, besid
and full of
local leader
rid of the w
McCarthy's
they are co
of a lieuten
tin's presen
as far as F
not fear—
it has bee
to select
has alwa
the most
If Martin

Christmas, 1893

SUGGESTIONS

Watches
Carriage Clocks, Onyx Clocks
Fancy Clocks
Gold Bracelets, Gold Brooches
Gold Necklets, Gold Locket
Gold Hat Pins, Gold Scarf Pins
Silver Mounted Card Cases
Purses, Cigar Cases
Match Boxes, Cigar Cutters
Brushes and Combs
Mirrors
And a Thousand Novelties

OUR extensive premises having been altered and improved to meet the increasing demand, it is with pleasure that we extend at this season our cordial invitation to the public to inspect our Christmas Goods, which will be found all the more interesting from the fact that we now mark all goods in plain figures, thereby making it more easy to make selections.

Whether Purchasing or Not, it Will Afford Us Pleasure to Show Goods

The J. E. ELLIS CO., Ltd., 3 King St. East



ESTABLISHED 1836

SUGGESTIONS FOR Christmas Gifts

EIDERDOWN

QUILTS • SOFA PILLOWS • HEAD RESTS • TEA COSIES

We believe it is the largest and most beautiful collection shown in this city. The goods were expressly imported by us as a special holiday exhibit. They are finished in the nicest taste in Corded Silk, Satin and Sateen, in a variety of stylish shades and patterns, and their highly serviceable and ornamental character places them among the most acceptable of inexpensive Gifts for Christmas.

We are showing some very pretty things in new gold embroidered Silk Novelties, imported from Japan, and many elegant designs in Oak and Ivory Art Screens, suitable for holiday presents.

Foster & Pender

14 & 16 KING ST. EAST

Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

and I am led to believe they are preparing to do their share in overthrowing it rather than lose that which they believe is absolutely necessary to their existence. Viewed from the standpoint which the Eastern people, if reasonable, are likely to take, I must declare my belief in such reasonable Protection as will not destroy our manufactures and imperil those commercial interests which have been built up. If the Western country get as much tariff reform as they want, it will mean the injury of many Eastern interests and may possibly produce a similar crisis in Canada to that recently undergone by the United States. I believe this statement to be absolutely true in fact, yet we cannot expect Manitoba and the North-West to take this view of it; in fact, I think we have been given a pretty convincing proof of how they propose to act.

The result of Mr. Martin's election means a great strengthening of Mr. Laurier's hands. The Liberal party lacked a conspicuous exponent of Protestantism, or some man who would pass as such. I believe Mr. Martin is thoroughly sound in his views with regard to Separate schools, yet he cannot be accused of being a professional Protestant inasmuch as he has not been in the habit of importing religious matters into politics. When distrust is hereafter expressed with regard to whether Mr. Laurier will be sound on the question ordinarily connected in the public mind between the State and the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. Laurier will be able to point to his supporter, Mr. Martin, as the author of the School Bill which caused so much trouble. No doubt he will be boomed as the coming Minister of the Interior; he is the only Grit member who knows much about the North-West or could be expected to enjoy the confidence of the people in that section of the country. Thus, with "Fighting Joe Martin" as the proposed minister who would in case of a Liberal victory be in charge of the interests most affecting the North-West, the Liberal party have reason to hope for the winning of many if not almost all the constituencies in that part of the Dominion. His presence, or prospective presence, in the Cabinet, if the Liberals can form one, will tend to neutralize the effect of the McCarthyite movement as affecting the Grit party, thus leaving Mr. McCarthy and his followers to weaken the Conservative party. Mr. McCarthy can hardly expect the people to believe more in him as a champion of Separate schools in Manitoba than in the man who was the author of the bill and fought it through. Thus, besides gaining a man strong in debate and full of fight, the Liberals have secured a local leader from the North-West, and have got rid of the weakness in their ranks caused by Mr. McCarthy's movement—McCarthy, as far as they are concerned, having shrunk to the size of a lieutenant under Mr. Martin. That Mr. Martin's presence is likely to embarrass the Liberals, as far as French Canada is concerned, they need not fear—with a French-Canadian leader—and it has been customary in all governments to select an extreme Protestant and even the most fanatical electors as necessary, if Martin is likely to be in the Dominion

Government Mr. Laurier can point to a Grand Master and a Past Grand Master of the Orange-men in the Conservative Government.

In the meantime Mr. McCarthy continues to organize his movement, which, though not strong intrinsically, may probably lose the Conservatives ten or a dozen seats in Ontario. New Brunswick is thoroughly out of harmony with the Government, and there is little or no doubt that the Tupper family will not be sorry to see Sir John Thompson discomfited. It seems most likely to me that Sir Charles Tupper, Sr., will be brought over to lead the Conservatives or that Sir Charles, Jr., will be given the place, and that Sir John Thompson will retire to Chief Justice-ship of the Supreme Court. In the meantime those of us who believe that reasonable protection is necessary to the continued prosperity of Canada, find very little to console ourselves with. If the Government loses many seats in the North-West and the McCarthy agitation gives the Liberals a majority in Ontario, it looks very much as if we were to get more tariff reform than the commercial part of the community will relish. However, many changes may take place inside the next two years, and hitherto the Liberals have almost always been safely relied upon to kick their pail over as soon as they get it milked nearly full, though lately wiser counsels and much shrewder management have been discernible in the party, while weakness and procrastination have everywhere marked the policy of the administration.

An Apt Scholar.

After instructing his men in the points of the compass, Lieutenant X— says to one of them:

"You have in front of you the north; on your right, the east; on your left, the west. What have you behind you?"

Private B— (after a few moments' reflection)—My knapsack, lieutenant.—*La Libre Parole.*

KLEISER'S STAR COURSE

RUSSELL H. CONWELL
The Brilliant and Picturesque Orator of Philadelphia, in his Masterpiece

Acres of Diamonds
(Or, Where to Get Rich and Become Great).

Pavilion, December 12
Plan at Northumberland's next Saturday, December 9, at 10 a.m. Prices, \$1, 75c, 50c and 25c.

Select Knights of Canada

IN THE GRAND... CONCERT
PAVILION MUSIC HALL,

TUESDAY, 5th December.

Hon. J. M. GIBSON, M.P., will preside.
Artists—Mess FRANK MACKENZIE, MISS MAGGIE HUTTON, MISS KATIE ARCHER, MR. HAROLD JARVIS, MR. HARRY N. REID, MR. OLIVERVILLE P. ELMORE, MR. W. E. HANLEY, MR. T. A. BAKER, TORONTO MADRIGAL AND GUITAR QUARTETTE.
General admission 50c. Reserved seats 50c.
Plan now open at Ashdown's Music Store, 121 Yonge St.

MRS. ROSS
PHYSICAL CULTURE
5 Wilton Crescent.

SPECIAL GOUIN FRENCH SERIES METHOD

MRS. JENNIE DREWRY, M.E.L., lately returned from Europe, comes prepared to teach French in this new and improved system, so fully described by Mr. Stead in *Review of Reviews*. This method is destined to supersede all old, laborious, classical methods, inasmuch as a knowledge of the language is conveyed through the *REVE*, the proper organ of language, instead of through the *REVE* as formerly taught. No text books used. Classes are now being formed at the College of Music, Pembroke Street, where all desirous of taking a course are requested to register without delay. Further particulars may be obtained at the College, or—
425 Church Street E.

CENTRAL ONTARIO SCHOOL OF ART AND INDUSTRIAL DESIGN
In Affiliation with the Ontario Society of Artists. 2nd Term Commences Monday, Dec. 4
For circulars and further information apply to—
GEO. C. DOWNES, 173 King St. West, or to W. REVELL, Hon. Sec.

PEMBER'S HAIR STORE

Ladies and Gents' Medicated Face Steaming and Massage treatment, Manicure, &c., by competent person.

PRIVATE APARTMENTS
Ladies' Hair Dressing in most artistic styles for Weddings, Balls, Theatres, &c.

HAIR GOODS
Long Hair Switches, Natural Curly Bangs, Waves, "Vics" and "Gone" Toupes. Our stock is all new and of finest quality and low prices.

Hair Brushes and Combs, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Hand Mirrors, Soaps, Perfumery, Madame Shaw and Cassidy's Toilet Articles. Hair Ornaments, just imported. Largest variety at **PEMBER'S, 177 Yonge Street** Telephone 2275.

MISS COUEN
Teacher of China Painting
Special attention given to orders.
Studio 351 Carlton Street

PIANO RECITAL

AN EVENING WITH LISZT

MR. HARRY M. FIELD
PIANO VIRTUOSO

Has the pleasure to announce his first Piano Recital for the Season 1893-94, "An Evening with Liszt," at

Association Hall
Monday, December 11, 1893

Mr. Field will be assisted by the talented Soprano,

MISS ADELINA HIBBARD of New York

Her first appearance in Toronto, and **SIGNOR DINELLI, 'Cello**
Prices—\$1, 75c and 50c. Reserved seat plan at Gourlay, Winter and Leeming's on and after 10 o'clock Monday, December 4.

AN EVENING OF READINGS

BY

MISS MARTHA SMITH, B.E.

ASSISTED BY
MISS EDITH J. MILLER, A.T.C.M., and MISS JULIA MCBRIEN, A.T.C.M.

ASSOCIATION HALL

Tuesday Evening, December 5

Admission 50c. Reserved seats 50c.
Plan of the hall at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, 185 Yonge Street, on and after December 1.



Tailor Made

FINE ALASKA SEAL - COAT -

HARRIS

FURRIER

71 King Street West

TORONTO

Now Showing a Unique Collection

Turkish Embroideries

AND
DAMASCUS
INLAID COFFEE TABLES

INSPECTION INVITED

JOHN KAY, SON & CO. 34 King Street West Toronto



HOW TO HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Make presents to your Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, Wife or Husband, Children, Neighbor, Friend and Sweetheart, and select them from our fine stock of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, NOVELTIES, ETC.

Tremendous Reductions in Prices. Our whole stock must be cleared out within the next three months, as we are retiring from business. Everything will be sold regardless of cost. A saving of from twenty-five to fifty per cent. will be effected by purchasing at this great Clearing Sale.

KENT BROS.,

Manufacturers and Importers, 168 Yonge Street.



ALEX. M. WESTWOOD
438 Spadina Ave
Choicest Cut Flowers and Palms
Cut Roses, Etc.

Telephone 1454

Mail orders receive special attention.

HOUSE FOR SALE

For Sale, that Entirely New and Strictly First-Class Residence

No. 170 Isabella St., N. W. cor. Sherbourne at a positive bargain. Little, if any, payment required, and low rate of interest. Roomy and every requirement for perfect and healthful home. Thoroughly built and beautiful throughout. Please inspect closely. Immediate possession given. Now is the buyer's opportunity. Red rock bottom has been reached, and the shrewdest heads proclaim the coming year, 1894, to be one of sure prosperity and rise in value on both sides of the water. Apply to or address A. WILKIN, 1 Toronto Street, corner King.

Short Stories Retold.

When a member of the Church Congress at Manchester argued that the introduction of the custom of cremation would endanger belief in the resurrection of the dead, the reply of Lord Shaftesbury silenced any further doubt when he asked: "What, then, has become of the holy martyrs who were cremated?"

During the French Revolution of 1830, when the fighting was going forward, Talleyrand was pacing the lobbies of the Chamber of Peers in irrepressible agitation. At each discharge of the cannon, he would exclaim: "Aha! The day is ours!" A friend volunteered to ask: "Whose, monseigneur? On which side are you?" when he answered: "I will tell you after a while."

A rider, somewhat new to the saddle, had a terrific struggle with his horse on the Place de l'Etoile. The gentleman wanted to inhale the fresh morning breeze in the Bois de Boulogne, while the fiery steed felt a sudden longing to return to his stable in the Champs-Elysees, and managed to get its head turned in the desired direction, obstinately refusing to change in position. At that moment a wag stepped up to the rider and, taking off his hat, politely remarked: "If you have no objection, sir, the turn-table of the tramcar company is close at hand."—*Le Boccage*.

A miser man was once heard to say that he would do anything to secure another thousand pounds. A wager was laid privately that he should be asked to allow himself to be killed for a thousand pounds. It was mentioned to him. He took twenty-four hours to consider; and the time having expired, the parties called on him again, when his answer was: "Well, I have considered your offer, and have come to the conclusion that your thousand pounds would not be of any service to me after my decease; but I tell you what I am prepared to do. I will consent to allow you to half kill me for five hundred pounds."

A person who was supposed to be the French General Monton, Count de Lobau, was once captured by an English vessel; but after a time the captain discovered that his prisoner was the Count de Montond. "Why did you deceive me?" he demanded angrily of the count. "I did not deceive you," replied Montond; "not at all. You thought I was General Monton. You told me so. You have a pocket-pistol, to contradict you?" The captain did not forgive Montond, and took every opportunity to treat him rudely. One evening at dinner, someone proposed the health of the French. As Montond rose to acknowledge it, the captain cried: "They are all cowards! I make no exceptions." When Montond's turn came he gave this sentiment: "The English. They are all gentle men, but I make exceptions."

"Some men preach," said Sydney Smith, "as if they thought sin is to be taken out of a man as Eve was taken out of Adam, by casting him into a profound slumber." So at any rate thought not South, who, preaching one day at Whitehall, observed King Charles the Second and several of his attendants asleep. Stooping down, he cried out to one of the delinquents: "My Lord, I am sorry to interrupt you, but if you snore so loud you will wake the king." His majesty thereupon awoke, and turning to his neighbor, remarked with his accustomed good nature: "This man must be made a bishop: remind me on the next vacancy." Later he speaks of a woman who suffered from insomnia, and who, all soporifics having failed, was taken to the Church of St. Thomas of Acres, when she fell at once into a refreshing slumber.—*Argonaut*.

During the war, an Ohio minister, on his way south as an emissary of the Christian commission, boarded an Ohio river boat at Portsmouth. At the first landing below, the mate "turned loose" at the deck hands. He cursed their eyes, their hearts, their lubberly feet, their laziness, their whole line of ancestry from Adam to that hour. Finally, exhausted with profanity, he turned to the shocked minister with the query: "Don't this beat hell?" "Yes, sir, I'm afraid it does." On another occasion an Ohio stock dealer had been buying stock in Kentucky and was trying to cross at Catlettsburg. Of course the cattle insisted on running in every direction but toward the ferry. The stock dealer, who was from a country distant from the river, began to swear at the cattle. The oaths were fired singly and in volleys, straight and bias cut, rough and wire edged, double and treble. While at the highest pitch, an old Kentuckian stepped up and said admiringly: "Well done, — — —, eh! What boat ah ye runnin' on?"—*N. Y. Sun*.

One of the big fortunes affected by the present financial troubles at St. Paul is that left by Lyman Dayton. He was a pioneer, and built a house in Minnesota's capital when the place was a village on the hills, and what is now the business district was a swamp. One day Dayton and two friends sat on a bluff talking and gazing at the "mud hole." It was suggested that if the town grew, the lowland might become valuable. Soon after the three separated, and early next morning one of them saddled his horse and started for the land office at Stillwater, eighteen miles away, intending to pre-empt the swamp. He had gone but a short distance when he saw a companion of the day before ahead of him, also on horseback, and with the same purpose in view. The two raced to Stillwater, and finished even in front of the land office. At the door stood Lyman Dayton, smoking his pipe. "You're too late, boys," he said; "I came over last night." In the course of years the "mud hole" made him a multi-millionaire.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

One of the most ghastly executions of the French Revolution was that of the Marquis de Marville. While standing on the scaffold awaiting the completion of the preliminary arrangements, the marquis addressed a few words to the assemblage of people. He was proceeding to say that before he died he wished to open their eyes to the truth, when he was seized by the executioner and forced under the knife. With the utmost sang froid the

marquis continued: "Educated as I was among the privileged class, I voluntarily abandoned my friends to live among you, to earn my daily bread side by side with you, and I have always acted like a good patriot." At this moment the knife fell. The guillotine was, however, in such constant requisition that it was frequently out of order. Upon this occasion the knife fell but did not sever the vertebrae, although the flesh was horribly mangled. The executioner and his assistants raised the knife anew. As soon as they had done so the marquis, still lying face downward, continued: "As I was saying, fellow citizens, when I was interrupted— And again the knife fell, this time accomplishing its ghastly work."

Guelph Art and Loan Exhibition.

ABOUT two years ago under the leadership of the late lamented Mayor Thos. Goldie, an association called the Young Men's Hospital Trust was formed for the purpose of raising funds for the Guelph General Hospital. By a collection taken throughout the city at that time, about \$1,800 was raised and presented to the Board of Directors of the hospital. Last year the young men furnished a series of concerts and a considerable sum was made. This year an entirely new and unique idea germinated in the fertile brain of some of the members. This was cultivated and encouraged until it bloomed last week in all its glory, and the fruit of an idea and indefatigable effort culminated in the Art and Loan Exhibition.

In this the young men were nobly assisted by the ladies of the city and splendidly they performed their share of the labor with willing hands, fertility of resource and admirable enthusiasm; the good work went on without a hitch, and the result was the event of the year, a beautiful *fete*, a unique and delightful exhibition.

The Art and Loan Exhibition consisted of an exhibit of anything the citizens possessed of curiosity or interest, antique and modern works of art, curios from every land and clime, old relics, coins, medals—a veritable World's Fair in miniature—along with a programme of music every evening.

The exhibition was opened on Wednesday evening of last week by Mayor Smith with a short welcoming and congratulatory address. To criticize the excellency of all the exhibits would be an impossibility in a notice of this kind. It was conceded, however, that ex-Mayor Sleeman's collection of coins, considered by numismatists the finest and most valuable on the continent, carried off the palm. The smallest coin in the collection is 1-16th part of a farthing, the largest \$50 in gold, other rarities, such as the Persian Didrachm, coined about 200 B.C.; William IV. crown proof (very rare), only seven struck; a five cent piece on which is engraved The Lord's Prayer.

Some of the art collections were magnificent. Mr. Jas. Goldie had some splendid paintings. About the most attractive part of the exhibition, however, was the different booths. Here nothing antique was to be found, but the youth and beauty of the fair sex, in lovely costumes, were in full force. The five o'clock tea booth was immensely patronized. Mrs. J. C. Chadwick was the originator of the idea, and was in charge. She was assisted by Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. P.pler, Mrs. Jno. Bond, and her young lady waitresses, delightfully attired in Martha Washington costumes, were among the choicest of the beautiful girls of the royal city. These were the Misses Clark, Jones, Campbell, Marcon, Thomas, Bond, Alice Higginbotham, Lily Nelles, and Miss Baptiste of Three Rivers, Q.

The Flower Booth also was a lovely spot, containing the choicest buds in profusion and only excelled by the pretty appearance of the young ladies in attendance, who were charmingly attired in cream and pink, with large pink flower hats. They were: Misses Petrie, Gowdy, Bruce, Crowe, Scarff, E. Adams, A. Walker, M. Reynolds. The Candy Booth had many charms for everyone. The toothsome delicacies received a great deal of patronage. The young ladies were exceedingly handsome and were beautifully attired in Grecian costumes. Miss Stewart was in charge and was assisted by the Misses Higginbotham, R. Stewart, A. Stewart, K. Reynolds, F. Nelles, G. Mills, F. Lyons. The Japanese exhibit was also a striking feature. It was in charge of Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Foster, and Misses Robertson and Walker, while Miss Maggie Mills, Miss Tessie Campbell and Miss Ethel Thomas of Toronto, in Japanese costume, looked lovely. The World's Fair exhibit by Miss Garson, Miss Loghrin and Miss Hamilton was a source of great interest and pleasant recollections to many. Add to this an excellent musical programme for each of the three evenings, both orchestral and vocal, by the leading musicians of the city, and when the Royal city had turned out in full force "her beauty and her chivalry" there was a feast of pleasure worthy of the gods—not only a pleasure but a knowledge that the object was a humane one, to raise funds for the carrying on of the good work of caring for the sick and suffering. It is gratifying to know that the Fair was such a huge success and as a result the funds of the hospital will be augmented by a handsome sum.

Much credit is due to President Powell, Ald. Hewer and W. H. Jones, secretaries, for their indefatigable work. The Fair was closed on Friday night with many pleasant memories and hopes for its being carried on another year.

New Books and Magazines

One of the very best magazines in the world for all classes of people is *Lippincott's*. In publishing a complete novel every month it is doing a more genuine service to the cause of novel-making than all other magazines put together. It is a producer, its rivals are spectators and critics of the novelist's art. The December number contains *Sergeant Croesus*, by Capt. Charles King, U. S. A., that most prolific and versatile of American fiction writers. The January number is sure to be a superb one. It will be out December 20th, and will contain a story, The Colonel, by Harry Willard French. In addition to this Gilbert Parker, the famous Canadian litterateur now in London, will commence a serial which will run

several months, *The Trespasser*. This feature should cause *Lippincott's* to take a boom among Canadian readers, although it already has a large circulation in all provinces of the Dominion. You can subscribe at any dealer's or by writing direct to *Lippincott's*, Philadelphia.

In the field of historical journalism no more faithful and conscientious work has ever been done than that which has characterized *Current History* since its inception three years ago. Aiming to give a comprehensive and intelligent bird's-eye view of the world's important happenings, it does its work remarkably well, and deserves the support of every "live" and intelligent citizen. It is not a collection of clippings, or quotations, but a careful, studied summing up of the essential facts and questions of the day, which in a moment puts the reader into intelligent touch with the progress of events in all parts of the world. It is clear in its statements, impartial in its estimates, and remarkably concise and comprehensive in its condensation. The number for the third quarter of 1893, now ready, more than sustains the commendation given to its predecessors. The monetary crisis 1893 in comparison with others, the history of the United States coinage laws, the great silver struggle in Congress, the Behring Sea award, Siamese and Hawaiian questions, movements on the international checker-boards of Europe, Asia and Africa, Canada and the Newfoundland Fisheries, the South American disturbances, the Irish Home Rule struggle, political and labor movements in France, Germany and Italy, the progress of science, the great parliament of religions, and a host of other topics are treated. Biographies of prominent men are given, with portraits. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Mr. Gladstone and is accompanied with a well written judicial summing up of his career. Altogether the *Review* is one whose successive numbers should find a permanent place in every home, reading-room and library in the land. (Buffalo, N. Y.: Garretson, Cox & Co., publishers, \$1.30 a year.)

The magazine art of to-day belongs to the day, and was undreamt of by our fathers. Such a book as *Scribner's* for December would have astounded the public thirty years ago, and would have created a sensation no longer ago than ten years since. Even now it commands unusual attention, but in a few months it will no doubt be forgotten, so consistently good are the magazines produced each month. From an artistic standpoint, *Scribner's* for December is a gem; and although past progress suggests that it will be surpassed hereafter, in some way we cannot foresee, yet it is ahead of anything so far seen and is worth preserving on that account. It shows "where we are at" in December, 1893. It is possible in this day for a man of no education and no social opportunities to acquire a fine polish and elevated taste by contact with the transient literature, to which he has the same access as the aristocrat. The influence of magazines on social problems has never been regarded, so far as I know, as a thing worth estimating, but if the eye is educated, the taste cultivated, the senses refined by popular magazines, something must result that will alter previous conditions, when the rich had these graces in exclusiveness. Get *Scribner's* for December. I notice that Duncan Campbell Scott, of Ottawa, has a poem in it entitled "Winter Song."

Workingtons Magazine for December comes to hand, filled as usual from cover to cover with good things. If one dips into this charming magazine on any one page he will not willingly lay it aside until the last page has been read. No greater compliment could be paid to its highly entertaining quality. It is a pleasure to review it, an inspiration to read it. Its publishers aim to give that which is best in literature, and that they have succeeded in pleasing the public is evidenced by the very large circulation it has obtained during the first year of its existence. It is brilliant, clean, instructive, eminently readable, and every number is rich with beautiful illustrations. It has made giant strides the past year and is now an established favorite in thousands of homes. It always offers something suited to the special needs and tastes of each member of the household. Indeed, its whole idea is centered in the home. There is no other magazine just like it, not one that is so welcome to the whole family. In this respect it stands alone among its competitors, for it appeals to all, from oldest to youngest, as no other magazine does. Its illustrated papers, charming stories, delightful essays, and novel departments make it unique in design and especially interesting from the first page to the last.

The December number is, if possible, more bright and varied than any of its predecessors. If our readers are not acquainted with this captivating magazine, by a copy and take it home with you. You will find it a helpful and inspiring companion, and every member of your family will be glad to welcome it upon its regular appearance. THE REVIEWER.

Welcome to the Information.

"Are you the man that answers the queries?" asked the caller, removing his hat as he came in.

"I am," replied the man at the desk, pigeon-holing a request for statistics as to the total number of persons killed in the Crimean war and fling away in the waste basket a note asking for a brief biography of all the Presidents from George Washington down to Grover Cleveland. "What can I do for you?"

"I've got a little bet with a friend," rejoined the visitor, "and we've agreed to leave it with you. What is the size of glove that a perfectly proportioned woman with a No. 6 foot ought to wear?"

"The size of glove, you say?" "Yes." "That a perfectly proportioned woman—" "Yes." "With a No. 6 foot should wear?" "That's right."

"Just wait a few moments. I will consult the anatomical tables." He waited. The man at the desk overhauled Poor's Manual, the Wealth of Nations, Roget's Thesaurus, Butler's Analogy, Allibone's Dic-

tionary of Quotations, Blaine's Twenty Years in Congress and a concordance to Shakespeare and turned to the caller.

"According to the best information I can obtain," he said, "a woman with a No. 6 foot, if she is perfectly proportioned, should wear on her hand—"

"Yes." "Any glove that fits her. Turn the knob to the right. Good morning."—*Chicago Tribune*.

So Emotional!

While in Paris Admiral Avelan received ten thousand letters, from as many women, asking for his autograph or a lock of his hair. At Lyons a woman was killed in the crush, and her shrieks were drowned by the cheers of the masses. And at Clinchy a woman waved French and Russian flags with wild cries, deliberately jumped into the river and was drowned, and when the body was recovered it was found wrapped in an undergarment made of the flags of both countries. There is apparently nothing that these French women fear to do to show their devotion to their new allies—and from some points of view it is most lamentable.—*Judge*.

How Spartacus Was Written

Rev. Elijah Kellogg, of Harpswell, Me., thus described how he wrote that favorite declamation of school boys, *Spartacus* to the Gladiators: "It was while I was at Andover," said he, smiling at the remembrance of the event came back to him. "We were required to prepare speeches for our rhetorical exercises, and after each man had spoken he was subjected to criticisms by his fellows—and their comments weren't always so complimentary as they were pointed. Then the professor would follow with a serious criticism, and he always found faults that needed correcting."

"So these speeches came to be looked upon with dread, and at last I made up my mind that I'd try to get something so different from anything we had had and so interesting that it would hold their attention too closely for them to think about points on which to criticize me, and so I wrote *Spartacus*."

"Well, I wrote *Spartacus*. When I began, it worked just as I had expected. They were so taken by surprise that they never thought of anything but the speech. You could have heard a pin drop at any time while I was speaking, and they did not recover until I had finished and came down to ask for criticism."

"Then, when Prof. Payne turned to the students and enquired, 'What criticism have you to offer, young gentlemen?' there wasn't one of them had a word to say, for they were all thinking of the piece and hadn't noticed anything else."

"Gentlemen," said the professor, 'we are not here for theological disquisitions nor for learned arguments, but these exercises are purely rhetorical, and, gentlemen, that is rhetoric.'

"Then, turning to me, he remarked: 'I would criticize you, Kellogg, but I don't know whether it would do you more good or harm, and so, on the whole, I think I will say nothing.'

"So," added the old gentleman, with a chuckle, "I escaped criticism."—*Boston Herald*.

"I'd hate to be in your shoes," said a woman, as she was quarrelling with a neighbor. "You couldn't get into them," sarcastically replied the neighbor.

Stage and Platform Instruction

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY

MARTIN CLEWORTH

Amateur Societies, Clubs, on Special Terms

OPEN FOR ENTERTAINMENT ENGAGEMENTS

ROOM 33

75 Yonge Street - Cor. King and Yonge

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE (Toronto),

with wide experience in

PUBLIC AND HIGH SCHOOLS

will receive a few PUPILS, Junior or Adult. Testimonials good. Address: "ALPHA," SATURDAY NIGHT.

LAURETTA A. BOWES,

(Graduate Boston School of Expression)

ELUCIDATOR AND GEEK STAFF POSING.

Engagements made with Churches, Societies, etc. For terms, open dates, etc., address

THOS. W. WHEALY, Manager,

161 Langley Avenue, Toronto.

PROF. W. H. AND MRS. MEEK

Private pupils taken. Engagements filled. Part or full programme. Address: 67 Elm Street, City.

MISS MARGUERITE DUNN

Dramatic and Humorous Reader

Is prepared to make engagements with Entertainment Committees for Churches, Societies, Concert Companies, etc. Will receive pupils in Elocution, Dramatic Art and Delineation Physical Culture, etc. Address: 260 WILSON AVENUE, or Toronto College of Music.

GILLENVILLE PERCY

KLEISER

Humorous and Dramatic Reader and Teacher of Elocution

Engagements made for Full Recitals and Part Programmes. PRIVATE AND CLASS LESSONS

421 Church Street - Toronto

MISS HEMMING, ARTIST.

Portraits in Oil and Water Color.

IVORY MINIATURES A SPECIALTY

Studio—Room 70, Confederation Life Building.

J. W. L. FORSTER

Portraits a Specialty

STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

ARTIST

FREDERICK LYONDE

HIGH-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER

STUDIOS AT HAMILTON AND DUNDAS

We make any kind of a picture that can be made in high class style at a moderate price.

World's Fair Views

From One Dollar Per Dozen

A FINE COLLECTION OF

LANTERN SLIDES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

for Sale or to Rent for Exhibitions.

MICKLETHWAITE'S GALLERY

Cor. King and Jarvis Sts., Toronto

DENTISTRY.

DR. McLAUGHLIN, Dentist

Cor. College and Yonge Streets. Tel. 4393

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

RIGGS' MODERN DENTISTRY

We employ only the very latest and best approved methods and appliances in all our dental operations. Our work in gold filling, crowning, and bridging is distinguished for its finish, beauty and great durability.

DR. C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge Streets Over the new C. F. R. Office.

MALCOLM W. SPARROW, D.D.S.

DENTIST

Central Dental Parlor, N. W. cor. Spadina & Queen Sts.

Special attention paid to painless operating. Toronto.

C. A. RISK

DENTIST

Graduate and Medalist of Royal College of Dental Surgeons

86 Yonge Street, near King

Special attention given to the preservation of the natural teeth.

DR. CHAS. J. RODGERS, Dentist

Oddfellows' Building, cor. Yonge & College Sts.

Office Hours: 9 to 6.

DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER

DENTISTS

Offices, Suite 23 "The Forum," Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

Hours, 9 to 6. Telephone 2525.

DR. HAROLD CLARK

DENTIST

41 King Street West (Over Hooper's Drug Store), Toronto.

MEDICAL.

Dr. J. J. Gee

Consultation Hours—11 a.m. to 2 p.m., 6 to 8 p.m.

TELEPHONE 103

Address—335 Jarvis St., cor. Gerrard.

DR. G. STERLING RYERSON, L.R.C.S.E.

60 College Street, Toronto

Consultation Hours—9 to 2.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D.,

EYE AND EAR SURGEON

137 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

Dr. Oronhyatekha

Special attention given to diseases of Throat, Lungs and Nervous System, Electricity and Inhalations.

Consultation hours, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and 7 to 8 p.m.

DR. ANDERSON

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist

Telephone 510 No. 5 College Street, Toronto

EDUCATIONAL.

PROF. KAROL'S

PRACTICAL SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES

44 ROSS ST.

TEL. 763

TRANSLATION, BOOKING, ST. W.

TEL. 2271 TORONTO

Bookkeeping

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Shorthand

Auf Wiedersehen

JOHN EGERTON, the assistant surgeon of Fort Stephen, thrust his hands well down in his pockets and let a deep feeling of thankfulness for being once more back at his quarters surge over him, yet beneath it all there was a feeling of dissatisfaction and discontent that seemed hard to analyze, and of late had been growing stronger. As he stood at his small, grimy window, in which spiders had run riot for weeks, and looked absently out on the long, desolate stretch of Canadian prairie, lighted up by the dreary autumnal sunset, he absorbed enough of the forlornness of the view to feel what he roughly thought was homesickness. Outside his room somewhere, a man's rough deep voice was murmuring monotonously:

Er hat mir oft gesagt
Wenn ich ihn hab' vergess't
Er hat mir oft gesagt
Wenn ich ihn hab' vergess't

The mournful drone entered into Egerton's reverie as a back-current of his thoughts, and when the voice broke off and suddenly started on The Girl I Left Behind Me, he was not sure whether it was the same voice that had sung the old German ballad, or whether it had been running in his own head. Then he began thinking of home, then his dreaming came to an abrupt end when he heard the sound of horse hoofs outside on the hard prairie path. He knew it was the half-breed with the mail from the East. Half regretfully he took a few last puffs from his pipe and went down to see if he had any mail. He moved like a man who was tired. But a few hours before he had returned from an Indian settlement fifty miles to the west, where he had been fighting smallpox for more than a week. A tribe of wandering half-breeds had brought the dreaded disease from the coast into the settlement, and it had spread like a fire in a summer prairie among the unclean, consumptive Indians. Panic-stricken, they had sent to the Fort for help, for they entertained highly exaggerated ideas of the power of the white doctor. Without a moment of hesitation Egerton had volunteered to go among them and see what could be done; in fact, he was rather glad to have something break the hum-drum barrack life, so he and the Indian messenger had set off at sundown for the plague-stricken settlement. Edith, the Colonel's daughter,



rode as far as the Bitter Creek bend with him, for he had been kind and good to her ever since he came to the Fort, and the lovely girl had formed a close friendship with the big doctor. The infantine timidity of her nature caused her to regard him as a hero setting out on a journey of life and death, and her girlish mind grew troubled with anxiety for his safety at the disease-infected settlement. When she stopped and said good-bye, and watched the two figures fade away over the plain, her heart yearned with a strange new feeling of loneliness, and the brown face and kindly eyes of Egerton seemed to grow kinder and dearer during his absence.

Among the Indians it was even worse than the doctor had expected. The disease had set upon their degenerate constitutions, and the uncleanness of their living had promoted its spread. The romance of the affair, as he had imagined it, was soon dispelled. It was an almost hopeless task he had before him, but with an energy begotten of months of idleness, he set to work, vaccinating the yet untouched, nursing the sick, and burying the dead. But for all his struggles many a miserable squaw moaned and wailed alone in her deserted home, and there was nothing more to be done except let the disease run its course; so, tired out and heart sick, he had returned to the Fort.

Egerton had hurried back in time for Edith's birthday, for there was a mysterious box that had come from the far East which he had placed quietly on her table with a kindly little note, wishing her happiness on her birthday. The gift was a violin—he had heard how hers had been smashed by a drunken soldier before he came to the Fort. Egerton handled the delicate instrument with his big but skillful hands almost reverentially, for he remembered that a girl he had once loved in the far East used to play on one. He allowed his thoughts to run back to the past and recall her face, and then how he had quarreled and how he had come to the West to bury his injured pride and nurse a broken heart. The morbid sentimentality of his nature prompted him to regard his fancied heart-break as romantic, and he wished to show his lofty pride by his voluntary exile. But when he looked at the violin and thought what a beautiful girl Edith was, and how she had brightened his life at the dreary Western fort, how they had ridden and walked and read together, he felt a slight twinge of conscience, for, after all, his exile was not the miserable, unhappy existence he half wished it should be. But their friendship had never come to anything, and when he thought of her deep golden hair and her soft eyes, with their peculiar depth, they only brought to his mind the image of the woman whom he had left in the East, uplifted and idealized by prolonged thought far beyond her own beauty. Egerton, like most large men who have strong idealities, was utterly lacking in any sense of humor or tact to restrain and control it.

When one of those intuitive promptings which we call impulses caused Egerton to break off the first smoke and day-dream he had had for days, and go down to find what mail there was for him, he was not surprised to find a letter from the East, but when he saw the old familiar writing on the envelope and an old remnant of perfume clinging to it, he blushed and paled, for with all his size he had the sentimentality of a girl. He knew the quaint feminine hand. This was the letter he had hoped for and then dreaded, with irregular alternation ever since he had gone west. At the present moment he had a causeless feeling of resentment for the writer of the letter, and he tore it open savagely. The note was very short:

New York, Sept. 23

DEAR JACK.—Come back to me, Jack; please do. Forgive my mistake, as I have forgotten yours: you see I am not so proud as you, so please come to me, Jack, for I want you.

Ever your

MARGUERITE.

Egerton turned and looked long and absently into the western twilight that had faded to a dull gray, so long that he even allowed his pipe to go out. There was a space of bitter mental strife, of indecision and resentment, but suddenly there floated quietly out to him, to where he was standing in his indecision, the strains of an old familiar waltz, Auf Wiedersehen. As he heard it, it seemed years since he had heard Marguerite play the same well known air; it had been her waltz, and as he listened to the low notes of the violin throbbing out the melodious remembrance that seemed calling him eastward, old memories of former days came thronging back to him and his mind was made up. Edith saw him turn and walk back to his room. As yet she did not altogether realize that hers was the greatest sacrifice of which a woman is capable, but she had a vague, indistinct idea of the tragedy, or fate or accident that threw two human particles of the great sea together for a moment and then hurled them immiscibly, eternally apart.

Everyone at the Fort was surprised to hear that Egerton intended to take advantage of a proffered leave of absence and go eastward, not only because his resolution was without any apparent cause, but also because of its suddenness. He kept it secret that he was taking out his discharge papers. He soon had his few possessions together, and before sundown of the following day was ready to start across the prairie to the railway. Edith shed a few unconquerable tears on her violin when she heard of his intended departure, but her English pride came to her rescue, and it was with a smiling but pale face that she promised to accompany him a part of the way on his overland journey. The last good-byes were soon said, and the two turned their horses southward and rode over the darkening plains. Edith dared not trust herself to talk, but rode silently beside him while he told her of the letter, and why he was going back to the woman in the East. Then they both rode



Edith watched him disappear in the gathering dusk.

silently along; he dreaming his dreams of his old-time, distance-enchanted lover, and she not betraying the heart that was burning rebelliously within her, by any twitch of the clear, pure face that men might have fought and striven a life-time to possess. Egerton looked down at her.

"Will you miss me?" he asked bluntly. She looked up at him, and "Jack, don't go!" was on her lips, but she gripped her saddle and said, "Very much, Jack, indeed," with averted face. But Egerton was as serenely blind as he was serenely happy.

He told her how the old waltz had influenced his decision. "It was odd," he added, "that you should have played it just then."

"Did I do wrong—I mean, are you sorry, Jack?" she asked.

"Indeed, no, Edith. You see, it used to be her waltz."

"Yes, I know. You told me so long ago; and Jack, forgive me, but I saw the letter and I guessed the rest. I thought—I thought—it would make you go back to her. I thought it was for your good, Jack. You should go back. And I—I must turn back now," and she pulled up suddenly.

"How can I ever thank you, Edith?" he said. "You can't—you must not try," she said, but he bent and just touched her pale cheek with his brown beard.

"Good-bye, Edith; it was so good of you to play Auf Wiedersehen. It did more than you think. Good-bye! No, no; not good-bye, but 'Auf wiedersehen!'" And he dropped the limp little hand he held, turned, and rode silently over the desolate, unbroken plains toward the South. He knew it was good-bye. Edith watched him disappear into the gathering dusk. When he was gone she bent her small golden head and showered an un-restrained, irrepressible torrent of hot tears on the gray mane of her mustang. When she turned towards the Fort there was a sense of infinite loneliness and despair in her heart, and the strains of Auf Wiedersehen kept ringing in her ears until the refrain became almost unbearable.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

University College.

Teacher—What is a skeleton? Can you tell me, children?

Small Tot—Peashe, mith, it it a man without any meat on it!

Robbing a Lawyer.

"Six months, with hard labor," said the magistrate to the prisoner.

"I'll be quite with you afore long," said the prisoner to the solicitor for the prosecution, as he turned to descend to the cells.

For Joe Renshaw felt hurt. That particular solicitor, Benjamin Timpany (Joe made a note of the name and registered a resolution not to forget it), had conducted his case with a zeal that seemed to border on animus, otherwise Mr. Renshaw's explanation as to his presence on inclosed premises at midnight might have been accepted.

Mr. Timpany heard the words. He saw the glance that accompanied them. It was not a reassuring glance. If one met it by the light of a bull's-eye at midnight! Ugh! Mr. Timpany shuddered.

"Cleverest cracksman going, Joe!" said the sergeant in a tone almost of admiration. "Electric bells and all that sort of thing don't bother him a bit. He can get through an iron shutter as if it was brown paper."

Mr. Timpany's state of mind became less complacent than ever. He had done his duty to his client in insuring this desperado's conviction; but he began to wonder whether a man could not do his duty too well.

He began to think how exposed his house was, how low the back-garden wall, how close the balconies to the ground, how rusty the front door chain, and how insecure the window fastenings. There was, however, one consolation—he had six months' start of Mr. Renshaw.

Mr. Timpany's politeness to the policeman whose beat embraced his house, and who had been seen kissing his housemaid, was surprising, having regard to the indignation he had evinced when some time previously he had been informed of the housemaid incident.

The six months of his incarceration did not speed so quickly for Joe Renshaw as for Mr. Timpany.

Joe was averse to labor of any kind, more especially to the hard variety. He had, however, ample time and opportunity for meditation on what he considered the vindictive wickedness of Mr. Timpany and the means for its requital.

Artist as he was in his own line, in the operation contemplated he meant to excel himself. He would not hurry over it, he would bide his time. Everything comes, he reflected, to the man who waits; he would wait—on Timpany.

At last came the hour when he stepped forth a free man—anyway for a time. He began to look about for occupation, not work; he had had six months at that, and if he had cared for honest work outside prison walls it would have been difficult to find.

One, two, three months since the expiration of Renshaw's sentence had expired, and Mr. Timpany began to imagine that he had forgotten his promise, and to sleep soundly of nights. He even ventured occasionally to bring home valuable documents of title and securities in his black bag, and to once more believe in the truth of the adage that an Englishman's house is his castle.

But one night, while Mr. Timpany was wrapped in gentle sleep and his pyjamas, a thin streak of white light glimmered for an instant along his back garden. Bandigo, who slept with one eye open, fancied he caught a glimpse of something that ought not to be there, and emitted a deep, warning growl.

Much to his surprise, as if by magic, a savory piece of horseflesh, just sufficiently underdone to suit the palate of so dainty a canine epicure, fell within a yard of his nose.

With the snorting growl that was his usual expression of delight, the bulldog rose and sniffed it; then he licked it, and it tasted even more savory than it smelled.

Bandigo bolted it, and seeing no morsels lying about, turned to regain his kennel. But ere he could reach it his limbs stiffened and he rolled over without a groan—stone dead.

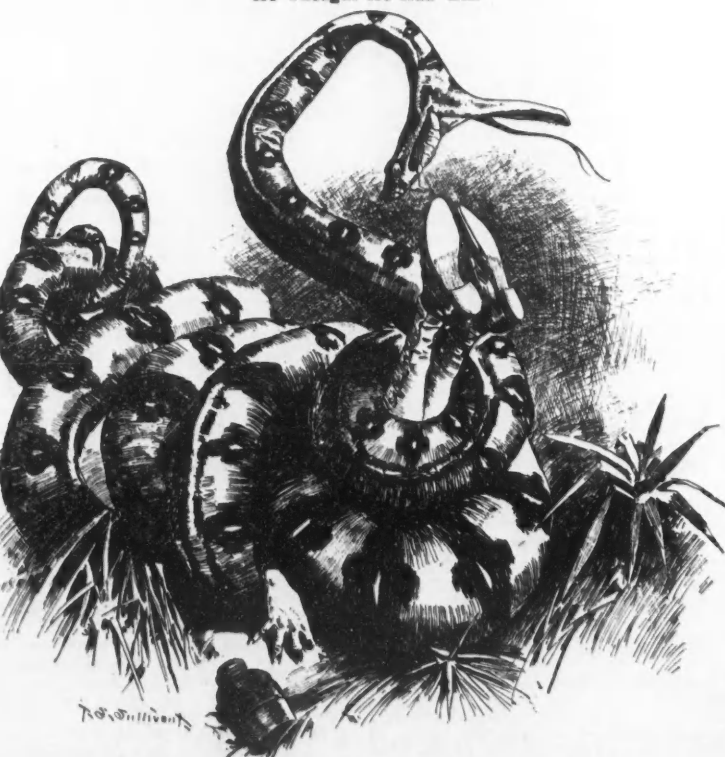
A few minutes later a marvelous center-bit was running its way silently, but surely, through Mr. Timpany's iron shutters.

Before long the shutter had been quietly pushed open, replaced, and Joe Renshaw was seated in the breakfast-room, around which his bull's-eye flash was moving.

The disc of light rested a moment on a small cabinet, the lock of which Mr. Renshaw leisurely proceeded to neatly pick.

"Tradesmen's bills," he grunted, "all receipted; wot a spendthrift the chap must be."

He Thought He Had 'Em.



Traveler in the Tropics—This settles it! I'll swear off—first of the year!—Life.

JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND STOUT

Visitors to the World's Fair

ALE AND STOUT

Will find these reliable brands of pure

on sale at all the leading hotels, restaurants, clubs and refreshment rooms in CHICAGO.

Families supplied by C. JEVNE & CO., 110-112 Madison Street, Chicago.

ASK FOR THEM

Brewery at London, Ont., Canada

throwing away his money in payin' accounts. Some folks never knows the wally o' money. He earns his easier than I does."

Then, his list shoes making not the slightest sound, he crept into a room which served Mr. Timpany for a kind of home office.

"This is better," chuckled the burglar, spying a safe in the corner; and once again the center-bit was called into operation. But it was a tough job, and file and crowbar had to be brought into play, and Mr. Renshaw's brow was moist before the door showed the slightest signs of yielding.

"If I had the man as made this here," he growled, "he'd never make no more. The idea o' folks 'avin' awkward furniture like this in their 'ouses! It's only out of aspergation to give folks unnecessary trouble over their work."

But at last the hinges gave way to the brutal but silent attacks of the jemmy where the file had bitten and gnawed, and Joe, quickly forcing the inner drawers, turned his bull's-eye on the contents.

"Well!" he said, and then he swore. "Arter all, nothin' but a pile o' dirty parchment not worth a crown," and he angrily turned over the bundles of deeds which represented tens of thousands of pounds.

But as the last drawer slid open a chuckle escaped him. There lay a bundle of crisp Bank of England notes, which Mr. Timpany had received on the completion of a conveyancing matter after office hours, on behalf of his client, too late to pay into the bank.

Stuffing the notes into his pocket, he gathered up his tools and prepared to depart. To his great joy he saw upon the table a bottle of port wine and—a tumbler.

"O, ain't 'e kind," he soliloquized, "to per-wide refreshment as well as amusement? He might a' left it in a tureen—an' really I don't like drinkin' port out of a tumbler. Reckon he's too thirsty for wine glasses, an' mops it up here on the q. t."

And, taking up the bottle, Mr. Renshaw placed it to his lips, and drank and drank—until he had drained it to the dregs.

Replacing the bottle on the table, he picked up his tools. He was a bit tired after his exertions, though he had not felt it so unmistakably as now.

He slid into a chair to rest for a moment. He felt quite sleepy. If there had been more than half a bottle of port he would have fancied he was drunk.

"This won't do," he muttered. "I must get back to the pony trap. Wassar marrer, so sleep-sep-cep! Ahoo!" and he yawned loudly.

He essayed to rise, but could not. For a moment he felt a thrill of fright, but it died away in a deep and drowning slumber. His arms sank upon the table and his head between them.

And there, five hours later, Mr. Timpany, trotting down in his dressing-gown, found him. For a moment he started, then he said:

"My friend's a man of his word—I thought he was—though I began to give him up. So the glass bottles on the wall, the bulldog, the electric bells and the iron shutters all failed me. But my own idea, the drugged bottle of wine which I've left in this room ever since this gentleman's last sentence expired, has done its work admirably."

And then Mr. Timpany trotted upstairs for that patent alarm whistle, and woke up all the sleepers in the locality, except the burglar, who slept on for several hours more, and awoke to find himself seated on a hard deal board in a police station cell.

He is now commencing a term of twelve years' penal servitude, and his constant reflection is that it's "all through doing business with lawyers."—Tit Bits.

She—We women are not asking any advantages. All we ask is to be treated as men. He—Certainly, I'm willing to treat now. Come in and have a cigar.



CUT PLUG. Old Chum Plug.

No other smoking tobacco seems to have supplied the universal demand for a cool, mild, sweet smoke like the "OLD CHUM." The name is now a household word and the familiar package has become a member of the family.

Stitchie Co. MONTREAL.



Elegant Shoes

We shall be glad to show intending purchasers our New Goods for

Fall & Winter

prices are materially reduced.

THE J. D. KING CO., Limited.

HIGH PRICES MUST GO

Call and See What We are Doing
Child's Felt Button Overshoes (Canadian), 6 to 10, for 65c.
Misses' Felt Button Overshoes (Canadian), 11 to 13, for 75c.
Ladies' Felt Button Overshoes (Canadian), 3 to 7, for 90c.
Ladies' Lined Felt Button Overshoes, 3 to 7, for \$1.00.
Men's Lined (Waterproof) Overshoes (Goodyear), for 90c.
These goods are all new and of first quality. They are not any humbug, we do what we advertise. You can get them while they last.

WALLACE'S SHOE PARLOR
110 YONGE STREET

A Hundred Dollars

Is often willingly paid for a good Veil, Mantle, Flush Dolman or

SEALETTE COAT

and by sitting on damp or wet carriage cushions, getting caught in a storm or being carelessly packed away in a crushed condition, appears

UTTERLY SPOILT.

But by our new French Cleaning and Steaming apparatus the plush can be raised beautifully and all be made like new again.

British American Dyeing Co.

GOLD MEDAL DYEING

TORONTO OFFICES—90 King St. East, 458 Queen St. West, 426 1/2 Yonge St.

Telephone 1990.

Our Special

Wire Back Easy Chair

Upholstered in the Best Mohair

Plush, for

\$21.75

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

160 Queen St. West

REPRESENTATION ADDRESSES

DESIGNED & ENGRAVED BY

A. H. HOWARD R.C.A.

53 KING ST. EAST

TORONTO

FROM TEN DOLLARS UPWARDS

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Four.)

mour, Mr. Hogert, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Miss Castle, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. D. Ince, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mrs. Wilmot, Mrs. Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. Nordheimer, Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet, and others.

Mrs. John Kay was at home to a large number of friends on Saturday at her beautiful residence on St. George street. The refreshment-room was decorated with pink chrysanthemums and pink roses; also the drawing-room. Another pretty room was decked with quantities of dark crimson roses, and the halls with stately palms and graceful ferns. Mrs. Kay wore a most becoming light silk trimmed with numerous small frills, and her little daughter was also in white. Amongst the many guests were: Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Dawson, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. Nixon, Miss and Mr. J. Macdonald, Mr. J. Scott, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Northcote, Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. Stinson, Mr. Hoskins, the Misses Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. Maitland, the Misses Beatty, Captain Burns, Mr. and Miss Hoskins, Captain Tassie, the Misses Clark, Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Captain McLean, Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. T. Rae and Miss T. Rae and many others. Music was supplied by Corlett in the upper hall, and altogether it was one of the most enjoyable at home so far this season.

Mrs. Ryerson of College street gave a large progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening in honor of her guests, Miss Fraser. Amongst those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Haultaine, Mr. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. D. Ince, Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. D. Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, the Misses Arthurs, Miss Drayton, the Misses Parsons, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. Beardmore, Dr. Thorburn, Messrs. J. MacDonald, D. Burritt, C. Smith, L. McMurray, the Misses Lockhart, Captain McLean, Messrs. Hoskins, C. Bogert, Stanton and others.

On Monday last Miss Langmuir, Parkdale, gave a delightful luncheon to a dozen young ladies in honor of Miss Nordheimer, the eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Nordheimer.

Miss King Dodds left last week for New York to visit Captain Hooker's family.

Miss Emily H. G. Bate of St. Catharines is visiting Mrs. Fuller of Rosedale.

Mrs. G. A. Shambrook and Mrs. James Macpherson of Hamilton are visiting Mrs. Warwick, Bloor street.

Dr. and Mrs. Ephraim Elliott have returned from their wedding trip. Mrs. Elliott will receive on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 5 and 6, and following Tuesdays.

It is long since Kenmore has opened its hospitable doors, but on Friday of last week, as a foretaste of what will shortly ensue, Mr. Albert Nordheimer gave a small card party, at which the game of the evening was neither whist nor "silent." Kenmore will not be longer without a mistress, since Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, whose return has been delayed by the illness of her son, sailed last week from England, and should be in town to-day or tomorrow.

The Misses Hall of Sherbrooke, P. Q., who have been staying with relatives in town and who have lately been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy, left this week for Montreal, where they will spend the winter.

Cards are out for an afternoon at home at Glenedyth on December 9. Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer's eldest daughter, who has recently arrived from England with her mother, is one of the season's debutantes, which, doubtless, is the *raison d'être* of the at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Blalcher of Torquay, England, are former residents of Toronto, who have returned here for a visit of a few weeks and who are staying with old friends on Jarvis street.

The Misses Jones of Blackheath are staying with their aunt, Mrs. Edward Jones, on Church street. The Misses Jones purpose spending the greater part of the winter on this side of the Atlantic.

There were dinner parties on Tuesday night at Mrs. Henry Cawthra's, and at Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock's on Jarvis street.

The Unity Club presented the comedy *Our Boys* in Forum Hall, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, under the management of Mr. Martin Cleworth. This gentleman has just been engaged by the students of Trinity College to manage their production of a play in the Grand Opera House in January.

Mr. A. G. Wilkie left Thursday for a three months' trip to Scotland.

Mrs. J. I. Davidson gave a delightful luncheon on Monday for Mrs. Drury of Kingston, who is visiting Mrs. Harry Patterson. Nearly a score of fashionable people were grouped about the very handsomely decorated table.

Mrs. John I. Davidson gives a dinner party on Monday evening.

The annual convocation of the Toronto College of Music takes place on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. H. Massey and their daughter Ruth left Monday week for the South for the winter.

The eminent Q. C., Mr. Christopher Robinson, has been offered the honor of knighthood, but has declined to accept the title.

Mr. C. D. Massey and family have gone south for the winter.

The Misses Dixon of Jarvis street gave a large afternoon on Friday of last week. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by the Misses Wilkes, Rowland, Treble, Long, Fraser and Morrison.

Elegance and Comfort

XMAS SALE



We carry an immense stock of handsome garments in all kinds, and add newest novelties from day to day.

Just now we make special reference to elegant lines of fashionable

Cloaks, Wraps, Jackets and Coats

Which make most acceptable and appropriate holiday presents.

A handsome assortment of fur-lined Cloaks—every price, from \$9.00 to \$75.00.

FURS Complete stock. All the fashionable furs Beaver, Mink, Otter, Persian, etc., in Capes, Caps, Muffs, etc.

R. WALKER & SONS

33-43 KING ST. EAST



THE MASON & RISCH

PIANOS are the instruments of the cultured.

To be without one is to be without a main factor in musical enjoyment. Tone, touch and workmanship are perfection. We solicit correspondence, and will mail illustrated pamphlets and price lists containing valuable information on application.

The MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Ltd.

32 King Street West

Taylor's PERFUMES

NEW ODORS

DOUBLE PINK VIOLET

SWEET PEA

EGYPTIAN BOUQUET

CORINNE BOUQUET

LILAC BLOSSOM

SPECIAL WHITE ROSE

JOHN TAYLOR & COMPANY TORONTO

DICKSON & TOWNSEND

TELEPHONE 2903

JAPANESE CURIOS

We are in receipt of invoice and bills of lading of our annual consignment, which comprises some of the handsomest and most expensive goods manufactured in that far-off country, all of which will be sold by auction

WITHOUT RESERVE

Date of sale and particulars in future advertisement

Dickson & Townsend

AUCTIONEERS.

The annual grand concert of the combined city Legions Select Knights of Canada takes place on Tuesday evening next in the Pavilion. From the array of talent which they have secured, and from the reputation which the Knights have earned as successful concert givers, the Pavilion ought to be crowded. The Honorable J. M. Gibson, M.P.P., will preside. The plan is now open at Ashdown's music store, 122 Yonge street.



Highest Artistic Qualities in Touch and Tone

Latest Designs

Elegant Cases

In Walnut and Mahogany

Rosewood, Oak and Satinwood

Sole agents for the celebrated Sohmer, (N.Y.) Pianos, and the Emerson (Boston) Pianos.

Easy terms of payment

Bargains in slightly used upright Pianos.

Square Pianos at very low prices.

Old Pianos exchanged. Pianos to rent. Pianos tuned. Pianos repaired.

BELL PIANO WAREHOUSES

In connection with Messrs. Hocking & Sons' Music Store, 107 Yonge Street, east side, below Adelaide Street.

Don't Delay

Your Christmas purchases of

Watches, Jewelry and Diamonds

but take advantage of our special reductions.

15 to 25 p.c. Special Discount

We Repeat: Don't delay, but make your selections at once from our new importations before our annual rush.

CHAS. SPANNER

The reliable low-priced dealer in Watches, 350 Yonge St. 2nd Door North of Elm



STERLING SOAP.

Best and goes farthest.

Manufactured By

WM. LOGAN,
ST. JOHN, N. B.



H. E. CLARKE & CO.

105 KING ST. W.

Our stock of Dressing Cases comprises all the newest and latest styles that have been produced by the manufacturers this season. They are without exception the choicest selection ever seen.

Toilet Bags are the most acceptable presents that can be given at Xmas and New Year's and our assortment is better and larger than ever, we have the bags at all prices from \$10.00 up. Also Purses, Card Cases, Cigar Cases, &c., in Seal, Hogshead and Antelope, all of the newest shape and lowest prices.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

105 KING ST. W.

We Always Have

NEWEST AND NICEST THINGS IN

FURNITURE

The CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO., Ltd.

97 Yonge Street.

DORENWEND'S

CLEARING SALE OF

Bags 75c up.

Switches \$1

Wigs \$8

Toupees \$10

Waves \$2

Plain Fronts \$2

All Goods at Bottom Prices

Telephone 1551

Fans, Jewelry

Hair Ornaments

Fancy Goods

Perfumes

Brushes

Combs, &c

AT COST

Ladies' In-dressing

Parlors—the best in the city.

103 & 105 Yonge St. TORONTO



BOUDOIR

AND

BANQUET

LAMPS

Some of the latest

Designs in

China, Glass and Metal

Junor & Irving

Tel. 2877

109 King St. W.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births

THORLEY—Nov. 28, Mrs. Charles J. Thorley, a son.

CHILD—Nov. 26, Mrs. H. J. Child, a daughter.

JOHNSTON—Nov. 27, Mrs. Fred Johnston, a daughter.

DUNFORD—Nov. 24, Mrs. Wm. H. Dunford, a son.

RANKIN—Nov. 21, Mrs. Wm. Rankin, a son.

FRENCH—Nov. 24, Mrs. J. M. French, a son.

Marriages.

BALL—ALLEN—On Wednesday, Nov. 22nd, 1893, at St. Paul's church, Bowmanville, by Rev. R. D. Fraser, M. A., assisted by Rev. W. S. Ball, father of the groom, George Brown Ball, nephew of the late Hon. George Brown, to Edith, second daughter of W. F. Allen, esq., mayor of Bowmanville.

FREE—BARNES—Nov. 28, Dr. J. A. Free to Jennie Barnes.

CHRISTIE—HEALEY—Nov. 28, George G. Christie to Charlotte Healey.

SMITH—TOLMIE—Glasgow, Nov. 7, Allan Smith to Mary N. Tolmie.

WARRILOW—ELLIOTT—Nov. 21, John WarriLOW to Hannah Elliott.

Deaths.

BARKER—Nov. 28, Richard Barker, aged 78.

MORGAN—Nov. 27, Katherine G. Morgan, aged 81.

SCHAEFER—Nov. 28, J. H. Schaefer.

SENIOR—Nov. 28, William Senior, aged 78.

WRIGHT—Nov. 26, Maria P. Wright.

TALLON—Glasgow, Nov. 16, Edith Tallon.

PERLEY—Allan M. Perley.

WOLFE—Nov. 28, Capt. J. Wolfe, aged 65.

TREES—Nov. 28, Mary L. Trees, aged 12.

ACHESON—Nov. 28, Samuel O. Acheson, aged 4.

MACKIE—Nov. 28, Elizabeth Mackie, aged 90.

STRATHY—Nov. 28, Susan G. Strathy, aged 73.

DARLING—Nov. 28, Harry S. Darling, aged 6.

LEYDEN—Nov. 24, Caroline Leyden, aged 59.

PELL—Nov. 28, Laura Pell, aged 76.

BEARD—Woodstock—H. B. Beard, Q. C., aged 60.

MACLEIN—Nov. 24, William Macleln, aged 93.

JOLLY—Bramford—Nov. 24, David Jolly, aged 88.

KINGSLEY—Nov. 28, Mary Kingsley, aged 21.

CAMPBELL—Nov. 26, Mary Campbell.

EWING—Buffalo—Nov. 24, Robert Ewing, aged 64.

CAMERON—Nov. 24, Margaret Cameron, aged 62.

CRAWFORD—Nov. 23, Andrew Crawford, aged 66.

SWEENEY—Nov. 23, Georgie Sweeney.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

CANADA'S FAVORITE

PIANOS

117 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

People's Popular

ONE-WAY

PARTIES

TO

BRITISH COLUMBIA,

WASHINGTON,

OREGON, CALIFORNIA

Tourist Sleeping Cars, Toronto to Seattle without change, leaving Toronto every Friday,

AT 10.15 P. M.

until further notice.

Commencing October 6th, 1893.

Apply to any Agent of the Company.